

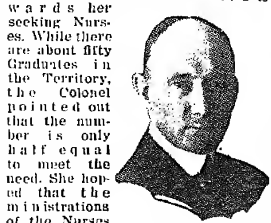
**STAFF
WRITER
FALLS
ASLEEP.**
(See page 9)

TORONTO Price FIVE CENTS

GRADUATE

Secretary in a dedicatory prayer, "unable to bring brightness to those who know it not, and balm where it is necessary."

In congratulating the successful Graduates, Lieut.-Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, stated that many hands were stretched to wards her seeking Nurses.



Dr. Goodchild

While there are about fifty Graduates in the Territory, the Colonel pointed out that the number is only half equal to meet the need. She hoped that the ministrations of the Nurses would be blessed by God, that they might be enriched with good health and of untold value in their high calling.

Interspersed in the program were musical items, rendered by Brigadier Easton, piano; Staff-Captain Beer and Essie Keith, vocal duet; and Songster Olive Ritchie, vocal solo.

Staff-Captain Ball received right-ful commendation for her labor in connection with the training of the Nurses, and during a social time, when refreshments were served, the Graduates were showered with good wishes for the future.

GANANOQUE

Captain Ward, Lieutenant Tams, we are experiencing good times at this Gananoque and the Fire is still burning. Staff-Captain Brown visited our Corps last week-end and we had a delicious time. God's presence was very evident and SEVENTEEN lived at the Cross.

BROCK AVENUE

Ensign Eden, Lieutenant Clark on Saturday evening a program of music and song was given by the Brock Avenue Band and a few other comrades. Captain Brown presided and spoke encouragingly. On Corps Cadet Sunday our young comrades were to the front and rendered splendid service during the day. While our morning Open-air was in progress, a woman told us how much the playing of the old hymns had brought comfort to her. We rejoiced over THREE seeders at the Cross.

SIMCOE

Captain and Mrs. Johnson We recently celebrated the re-opening of our Church, which has been thoroughly renovated. This has been made possible by the generosity of a late respected citizen and friend. The opening services were conducted by Lieut. Colonel Harvey and the Hamilton I. musical party. Deputy Reeve Langford occupied the chair for the Musical Festival on Saturday night. Sunday's services were of unusual interest and attracted a number of old friends.

WEST TORONTO

Adjutant and Mrs. Condie Sunday's Meetings, led by Bishop and Mrs. DeBrisay, were seasons of fun-cting on fact things into which the three congregations entered with unreserved enjoyment. A former visit of these friends had left an indelible impression and their return gave great satisfaction. The Bishop's close intimacy with the Bible and his happy method of applying its truths, made his talks exceedingly helpful. Mrs. DeBrisay showed in her day's duties in happy fashion, and when they departed at night they carried with them the hearty thanks of all ranks, and were honored throughout the day and in turn enabled SEVEN to sur-vive.

CANADA

EAST

The Christmas

WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

No. 2098

Vol. 40



**TORONTO
DEC. 27th 1924**

Heaven's Best for Mankind

**PRICE
TEN CENTS**

The WAR CRY

Christmas

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda.

Founder... William Booth
General... Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Commissioner C. Sowton,
20 Albert Street,
Toronto, Ontario.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas Issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid. Address The Printing Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

Greetings

GREETINGS, warm and sincere, to all to whom this issue of the "War Cry" may come. It has a glorious message of a wonderful Saviour to proclaim and some fascinating stories of His infallible love and power to tell. We want every reader to be able to rejoice in a personal realization of His saving grace, and if this is not already a precious possession, we believe that with God's blessing these pages will, like the star which guided the wise men, lead the straining soul to its Redeemer.

WE praise and thank God for His continued upholding mercy to our Leaders - The General and Mrs. Booth, the Chief of the Staff, and the Commissioners everywhere who share in the burdens and anxieties of the Salvation war. Upon them, and upon every partaker in the fight—including esteemed Corps Correspondents, Herald and Contributors who have so devotedly assisted the "War Cry" and its junior partner—we ask the blessing and favour of God in a special sense.

HAIL! SMILING MORN

Hail Smiling Morn. and the
King Whom thou dost herald.

WE hail thee, O Smiling Morn, for the dark night is past. Thou art a messenger of good tidings of great joy to all the people. With the radiance of thy coming our spirit's eyes are eastward bent to that predestined trysting spot of which the scribe did write, "A Star shall rise out of Jacob." We would glimpse again some blossoming star in Heaven's infinite meadows that might lead us to another Bethlehem with its Treasure-Trove. Our souls were surfeited with lesser luminaries. These have been to us but as the twinkling of far distant planets while yet 'twas dark. From the inner recesses of our natures we have raised ceaseless cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" Aye, we were not the children of darkness, but of the light: we yearned for the Day-dawn, the soul's native element.

In our search we entered the portico of Genesis, walked through the Old Testament art gallery and saw Jacob, Moses, Daniel—we stepped at Isaiah and found promise—"The morning cometh." With inspired hope we further went, and the Psalmist in his conservatory sang to us of lifting gates, wide-swung doors, and a King of Glory. Into the observatory of the prophets we made our way, and they all foretold of a far-spent night and a day-break near at hand. Thus with a virile breath of hope we bade farewell to the last of them all, Malachi. With gaze still eastward we continued our journey, ever expecting the fulfilment of the last prophet's promise—a Sun of Righteousness that should arise. Thus it was, O Smiling Morn, that the longing for day-dawn and sun-up propelled our weary feet along life's dusty highways.

And now thou hast come, we hail thee and the King Whom thou dost herald. At His feet we vow Him our lasting loyalty, our heart's adoration, and life's best service. In His train we pledge to tread until the radiant smile of another and ever more dazzling morning breaks upon us, when we shall be ushered into the courts of everlasting day.

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was not unexpected was coming to the had pierced the b deadly fangs. E in mourning and earth. Man was night. Then ca when God declar woman should br

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The hopes o love, he thought despairing grief a Mary privately, peared unto him of David, fear r for that which Ghost. And she call His name J from the r sins.

When Jesu expected guest, born in. No No Nazareth to hood. Barring no priesthood w membership, own. "He can Him not." A congratulated t few shepherds o frigid reception most religious p more than a se into dislike, the tings which br malefactor's de The only hope of depravity mo the saving pity ing with the pr the purpose of w "He shall save





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The ADVENT of the SAVIOUR

CHRIST'S first advent was the central hour of the world's history. All that went before was a preparation for it; what has followed is a result. It was not unexpected that a Saviour King was coming to the world. The Serpent had pierced the human family with his deadly fangs. Eden had been draped in mourning and darkness covered the earth. Man was lost in the gloom of night. Then came a gleam of light when God declared that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.



"He shall save His people."

Long centuries passed. Antedeluvian days went by. The patriarchs lived and the thunders were heard on Sinai. Moses, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Micah, Haggai and Malachi saw their visions, and dreamed their dreams, and stood on the tip-toe of expectancy waiting for Christ.

Mighty amongst these seers, Isaiah, in a vision, saw the Lord "high and lifted up" and prophesied: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Still the centuries rolled on and no Saviour appeared.

The hopes of a just Joseph seemed blighted, his love, he thought, betrayed. But in the midst of his despairing grief as he was about to divorce his beloved Mary privately, "Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son and thou shalt call His name **Jesus**: for He shall save His people from their sins."

When Jesus came He found Himself an unexpected guest. There was no home for Him to be born in. No Bethlehem to protect His babyhood. No Nazareth to appreciate His matchless young manhood. Barring a few souls who were looking for Him, no priesthood welcomed Him; no church wanted His membership. No nation acclaimed Him as her very own. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." A great chorus of angels in Heavenly song congratulated the earth upon His coming, but only a few shepherds out in the pasture heard it. It was a frigid reception that did not improve with time. The most religious people in all the world never gave Him more than a scant tolerance which speedily deepened into dislike, then into jealous hatred, then into plottings which brought for Him, **the Promised One**, a malefactor's death. It shames us now to think of it. The only hopeful thing about it was that such depths of depravity moved the heart of God and gained the saving pity of Heaven. But it was in keeping with the predictions concerning His advent, the purpose of which is clearly stated in the text. "He shall save His people from their sins."

Let us, for a moment, look at the disease with which "His people" were afflicted and to save from which **He came**.

Sin has dried up the pools in earth's watered gardens and given the beasts of the forests a taste of human blood. Sin has blighted humanity and is the cause of all human suffering, mental agony and spiritual death. Sin has brought every grief and every sorrow and has built large cities of the dead. In

the beautiful garden where man used to walk with God in the cool of the day, the serpent of sin is now crouched under every fig tree.

But, glad fact to be repeated with emphasis, to save His people from their sins (not in their sins) was Jesus' mission in coming to this world. John said: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the Devil."

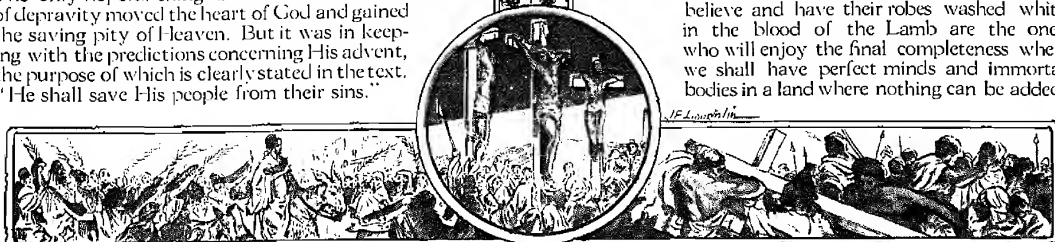
Jesus came to bring Salvation to man in **this** life. To give him clean hands and a pure heart, thus to enable him to keep the great commandment of loving God with all his heart and his neighbour as himself. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John: 1-7).

But this does not include physical and mental restoration. We yet may make many hurtful mistakes, and we need to study to show ourselves approved unto God, even though our hearts have been washed whiter than snow. The physical man is still subject to suffering and death. Man still earns his bread by the sweat of his face, and women continue to bring forth in deadly travail.

Though one may be saved from all sin spiritually, yet there is still need for the physician, the drug store, and the undertaker's establishment.

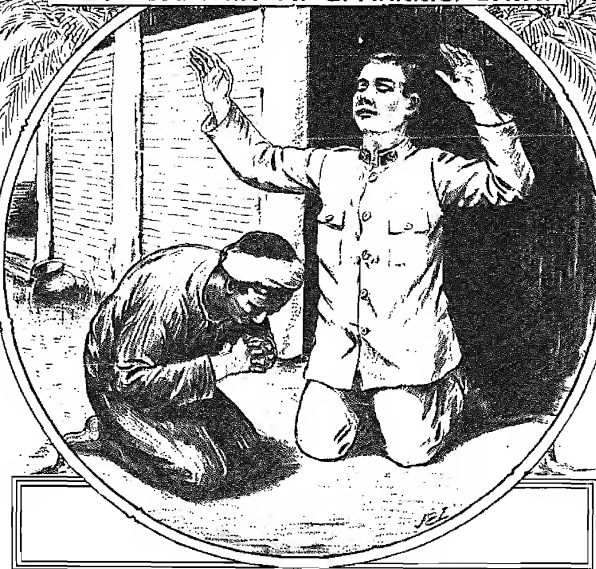
But even though we are not saved from physical and mental weaknesses in life, to-day the wilderness and solitary place may rejoice and blossom as the rose. The garden of our heart may blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing. Our spiritual eyes may be opened, and our ears be unstopped. The spiritually lame man may leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. Waters may break out and the parched ground of our experience may become a pool of Salvation and the thirsty land springs of water.

The advent of the Saviour into this world means exceeding abundantly above all that man has ever been able to ask or even think. To believe that Jesus is able to save His people from their sins in this life baffles the faith of many. Nevertheless those who believe and have their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb are the ones who will enjoy the final completeness when we shall have perfect minds and immortal bodies in a land where nothing can be added.



MY LITTLE WHITE HOUSE in the EAST

By CAPTAIN W. G. HARRIS, JAVA.



COME, rest a while on the shady verandah of my little white house in the East. Do you lack inspiration? You will find it there. Do you need rest? You may stay there undisturbed. Do you need a faith tonic? The romany flows like a stream at the very gate. It is adventure that you seek, you say; then take this dying trip round Gibraltar, through the Red Sea, call for a drink of Ceylon tea in Colombo, make a good landing in Java, and then, after a hot and dirty train journey for a couple of days, you may arrive at the nearest station to this little white house in the East. After that it is merely a good day's hunt! A few miles in a stuffy puffing omnibus, a few hours in a rickety native dog-cart which, by the way, is generally black and quickly makes your white clothes the same color, and then—the road ends. So you must walk. Shank's pony will quickly take you inland, amid scenes of typically tropical verdure, and to points of wondrous panoramas and soul-stirring sights of beauty. The rice-fields rise in terraces on either side of the narrow path. The coconut palms—fine feathery fellows they are—aren't seen everywhere, and here and there little darkies gathering their fruit.

Never mind the natives, even if they do stare. They are friendly fellows, but it is a rare sight to see a white man on this rough track. Be careful in crossing this stream; you must jump from one rare and slippery boulder stone to the other, but keep your nerve, take the risk, and you'll probably escape the wetting you anticipate. Here, take my hand, and I will help you up the steep bank on the other side. Avoid the centre path on that steep hill; it is far too slippery to be safe; the recent rains are responsible and—hi, boys, quickly!—make for yonder tobacco plantation. There are buffaloes coming, worthy beasts and tried, no doubt, but distinctly averse to white men. You must cross a bamboo bridge which has no sides. It is narrow and very shaky, but if you don't look at the rushing stream below it is quite an easy matter. Now through the shady bamboo lanes, round the corner, up a hill, and through a few more villages; now hurrying past the unbearable smell of a native market, with the usual hungry dog at your heels, and now it is only a sharp and rather rugged descent to this little white house in the East.

You don't think much of it? Well, waive your judgment awhile. In spite of its bamboo walls, which may tremble as you stop your razor, it is a wonderful place to me. I admit that the floor is only earth, that the roof is a trifle leaky, that there is plenty of mud outside; yes, and that the windows are only holes in the wall, but, nevertheless, it is our own little house, and the beacon-

house for Jesus in the village. Take care! The doorways are rather low. I think I bumped my head five hundred times during the first fortnight here but painful experience is a good teacher, and I am careful now.

The post comes twice a week—that is, if we catch it; the nearest white man is some miles away, and you must wonder how, so if it be rest and quiet you want you may sit in the shade of the coffee palms or bamboo and not be disappointed.

But, come! Dinner is ready. You'll enjoy it, I am sure, especially if you acquire the palate for plenty of rice. Yes, the ants are a nuisance; that is why we stand everything on water-filled tins. What is that on the wall? Oh, that's a chair-chae. Unsightly creatures, aren't they? but we never kill them, for they eat the mosquitoes and keep away malaria. Are there snakes about? Yes, but not many, although I killed one the other day about five feet long.

Now, I'll show you the rooms. This is the eating-room, of course. (Mind that trap on the floor, that is because there are so many rats here.) That is where we sleep, and there is your room. You should have a good night, for this is where we pray, plan and believe, and it is this room which helps to make this house the whitest in the kampung. It is the love factory of the district. The Lord Himself visits us in this room, to fan our spark of love into a burning flame, that, blazed by heavenly winds, spreads the glorious message of Salvation, joy, and peace throughout this thickly-populated area.

Ah, well, good-night! I hope you will sleep well. There may be noises,

but please don't be disturbed. A rushing sound on the roof will be the rats. A bag under your window is our milk supply, the goat, or you may hear the horse trying to kick his stable down. He usually makes a twice-nightly attempt. The noise of the long-tong only means that the village watchman's imagination has been stirred, and that he thinks thieves are about. Sometimes an insect called the tokack calls in a very loud voice, but he is a harmless sort of fellow, so don't fear him. A dismal dirge means our Mohammedan friends are attending to their devotions. And if you hear the creak of the bamboo door, at about 5.30 to-morrow morning, well, that means it is time to get up.

The native school stands within a stone's throw of my little white house, and so, with the rising sun, come some of our dark-skinned boys to school. Gaze into their faces as they listen during the half an hour of religious instruction, and watch them as they sing. Are they not an inspiration? They acquit themselves very creditably, too. They are one of the charms of my little white house in the East. Soon after breakfast the daily stream of callers comes and goes. Some are people to sell their eggs, or bargain about their rice; cute people these, who long since have heard of the love which belongs to the white house, and so try perhaps to ask from our hearts more cents than our purses can allow. A little troublesome, perhaps, this type of caller, and yet they make me love this little white house, for here is the place to win them for Jesus, the only strong anchor in this rushing stream of heathendom. An occasional beggar,

and then throughout the day come the sick, with their high fevers and ghastly sores, not the best of company, perhaps, but they make me loathe to leave my little white house in the East.

A few Sundays past a native man, dusty with travel, came to my gate and begged to be told the way of Salvation. He sought a true religion, and in a few hours the front verandah of my little house became a very sacred spot, for there he found it.

Yes, I thought you would realize it; this house has a peculiar charm of its own, it calls you from afar. There is nothing else like it for miles, no place so clean, no place of such happiness, no other spot where comfort is to be found, help given, Salvation preached. Yes, this must be the secret of its charm. Wonderful white house when, after hours of visitation in native quarters, long journeys in the broiling heat, crossing torrents, and climbing mountains, we come within the shelter of this little white house to treat our scorched skin and wet our parched lips, and find it so good to be home!

Only a bamboo house, perhaps, but its doors stand open wide to golden fields of opportunity, and there, in the countless villages dotted so thickly near by, lie myriad priceless treasures, jewels of eternal worth, living souls, possessions which even our blessed Lord hath loved. So I am glad of this little house, crude though some think it is, for it is the gathering treasure-house of gems, which, living in darkness, have never revealed their charm but which, brought into the light of God, shall shine as the stars in the heavens.

methinks the angels would love to be here and certain I am whenever I roam, the heavenly charm and insistent appeal of this wonderful work will call for my return to this quaint little home, my little white house in the East.

Christmas Thoughts of Home

AT Christmastide, more than any other season of the year, our thoughts turn toward the spot which endures for us the endearing associations of "home." It brings together members of families who for the year never see each other, but who hail with delight the Christmas summons "home."

It asserts itself to men, who at all other seasons, are engrossed in selfish pursuits; they are comforted then, if at no other time, to think once more of the "old home" and seldom indeed, is it with feelings other than of pleasure. Home, sweet home, and never sweeter than at Christmastide! May the best joys mark the Yuletide gatherings of all readers of "The War Cry."



the EAST

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A hambo house, perhaps, its doors stand open wide to fields of opportunity, and in the countless villages dot thickly near by, lie myriad treasures, jewels of earth, living souls, possessions even our blessed Lord doth so I am glad of this little cradle though some think it is the gathering treasure of gems, which, living in, have never revealed their but which, brought into the God, shall shine as the stars heavens.

And the angels would love here and certain I am where, the heavenly charm is the most potent of this work will call for my return quaint little home—my little house in the East.

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It befalls to men, who at r reasons, are engrossed in pursuits; they are compelled at no other time, to think of the "old home" and indeed, is it with feelings of pleasure. Home, sweet and never sweeter than at this time! May the highest of the Yuletide gatherings of the "The War Cry."

Christmas

AND HOW TO OBSERVE IT

By THE FOUNDER

CHRISTMAS has come round again! I have always felt a peculiar interest in the season. In childhood there were the merry games and the extra feeding, and in after years the family gatherings and the Salvation festivities. Therefore to me Christmas has always been more or less a lively time.

I suppose Christmas has been a similarly interesting occasion to you; and I am glad that it should be a season of gladness for all. So arrange your family gatherings. Collect the loved ones scattered abroad. Hold your Corps festivals. Shut out dull care. Trust in God for to-morrow. Bring out your music, and make merry in the presence of the King.

But, jealously forbid everything that is foolish and trifling, and in any way calculated to lead any one away from God. Let every pleasure be pure, and such as could be enjoyed in Heaven, and let every gathering be hallowed and brightened by the presence of your Lord.

Try, this Christmas, for an increase of family affection. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends far and near, strive to make the anniversary of the coming of the Christ of Love an opportunity for loving one another more.

Let this be a Christmas of heartfelt forgiveness, where there is anything to be forgiven. Next week I shall say, "Do not carry any bitterness of spirit against any human being into the New Year." This week I anticipate "the Old Year out," and say, "Do not carry any grudges, revenges, or other un-Christlike feelings over Christmas. Have a Christmas of Brotherly Love."

Let this be a Christmas of practical sympathy with human sorrow. Remember the poor. If you have no other way of showing it, send a trifle to the Social funds. They always need help badly. But on no account allow any poor widow, or orphan, or aged, helpless, or afflicted Soldier in your ranks to spend this Christmas without some extra comforting cheer. You pray God to remember and bless them; but you must remember and bless them yourselves.

Before all else, however, let this be a Christmas of Salvation. That will make it really joyous; that will ensure its being a pleasant memory in after years.

Let it be a Christmas of Salvation to yourselves. You had Christmas when Jesus Christ came to your souls years, months, or it may be, only days ago. And He lives there to-day. But His saving word is not yet finished. There is still something to be done by Him in your feelings, in your imaginations, in your tempers, in your affections, in your secret lives before the work that brought Him from above is complete. He came to save you from your sins. Not merely to save you from sinning in the past, but from sinning in the present. Can we do anything better with this Christmas than welcome Him to our hearts and allow Him to accomplish in us all His blessed will?

But, my comrades, we must go further. I want you, more than ever before, to make this

a Christmas of imitation. Christ came not only to be a Sacrifice for our sins, but an Example for our lives. What do we see at Bethlehem? We see there the Christ, come out of His Heaven from the bosom of the Father, from the companionship of the angels, to the humiliation of the manger, to the sufferings of a life of poverty and shame, and to the agony of a cruel death. And all to save the souls of men. Come along, and begin this Christmas-time the imitation of Jesus Christ in this respect.

The manger was the beginning of our Lord's Salvation career—the gateway to the road that led Him to the Cross; the embracing of all the shame, the anguish, the suffering, and the death that followed. In coming to Bethlehem, He consecrated Himself to all the toil and sacrifice necessary to the saving of the world.

Let us, with such powers as we possess, go forth to the doing of our share of the same blessed task. But to do this will mean our coming down out of our heaven of ease, or comfort, or respectability, and perhaps a great many other things desirable to flesh and blood.

As He left His Heaven, and His Father, and His celestial glory, so if we are to do the same kind of work, we must imitate Him in the manner of doing it.

So come down at this Christmas-time. Come down in the spirit of a little child, nay, in the spirit of your great and blessed Redeemer. Say to your Heavenly Father, "Take me, O God! Mould and fashion my future in the way that will best carry forward my Master's work and be most likely to secure the end for which He came. I, too, will be a Saviour."

"Like Him, saving souls shall be the great end for which I will live."

"Like my Lord, I will go in the wilderness and fight with devils, to rescue them."

"Like my Lord, I will suffer hunger and thirst and loneliness in order to teach them."

"Like my Lord, I will go to Gethsemane in agonizing prayer and intercession, in order to deliver them."

"Like my Lord, I will face the mockery and scorn of heartless, godless men, to win them."

"If called to the painful task, like my Lord, I will die to save them!"

You sing:

I will follow Jesus,
Follow Jesus all the way.

That is good. Heaven loves to hear you; but only where the life squares with the song! Oh, again I say, let us all begin afresh this Christmas the following of Jesus. The Father will be pleased that it should be so. He will come to you. He will guard and guide you and, best of all, He will make,—

Your humiliation a glorious exaltation,

Your suffering a great joy,

Your conflict a grand victory,

Your sacrifice the Salvation of many, many, many precious souls!

WILLIAM BOOTH.



He

Fifty-eight Canadian Officers are Proclaiming the Glad Tidings in Africa, Ceylon, India, China, Korea and Japan

Yours affectionately,
WILLIAM BEXTON, Ensign.



MRS. WALTERS, Staff-Captain.

DAISY M. THORNE.
Staff-Captain.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Mayor.

CHRISTMAS is interwoven with memories of the past—happy childhood, merry family gatherings, and, for some, much needed service for others. We desire this Christmas, 1954, to be blessed with hope, and fruitful seasons to all our beloved Canadian Comrades. The coming of the Christ on that first glad Christmas morning has brought such joy and gladness into the world, and that wonderful atmosphere of Heaven into our own individual hearts. If you would really celebrate the Christmas season it must be with the Christ of Christmas enthroned as Saviour and King, living in your heart and bestowing His wonderful blessing of peace. As the Wise Men brought their gifts from the East, shall we not bring to Him, "THE PRINCE OF PEACE."

We Remember You
WITH THANKFULNESS to GOD, INSPIRATION
to OURSELVES and BENEFIT to OUR CAUSE

M ISSIONARY Comrades, think not that you are forgotten. Truth to tell, you are oftener in our thoughts than you were when you fought shoulder to shoulder with us in this great Dominion. Then surely you were "of the crowd," but to-day you are distinguished members of our great Order of the Cross. Times beyond the telling, our thoughts travel to the outer rim of our world battlefield, and we think of you—and some amongst us do so with a curious blending of admiration and envy. True, your days are streaked with loneliness and struggle, but how glorious your opportunities and fruitful your effort.

Know, Comrades one and all, that though you fight far afield the influence of your devotion is as leaven in our midst. It is a stimulant to many when the Tempter whispers that "The fighting is too hard, and that health will surely fail," and urges some to "Mingle with Heaven's gold a little of earth's dross."

May the Gracious Finger of God touch you in a special manner this Christmastide, and may the presence of Him whose Nativity we commemorate abide with you in increasing measure throughout the years ahead.

our very best this Christmas time, and in doing so we shall bring blessings and the message of peace to others who sit in darkness.

That the Christmas season may bring you all much happiness, and 1925 be unto you a year of much prosperity and fruitfulness in service is the

much prosperity and fruitfulness in service is the
 fervent wish of your comrades,
 On Active Service in Africa.
 JEAN AND A. G. ASHBY, Ensigns.

WANT to wish my comrades in Canada a very happy Christmas. I never valued the comradeship of The Army more than I do now, and at Christmas time, more than at any other season, one's thoughts turn to home and loved ones.

What a beautiful world this is, and what a beautiful season is Christmas, when friends, far and near, remember one another in a special way. At one such season since I have been in India I received loving letters and remembrances from fifteen different countries, mostly from members of our own big Salvation Army family, making one realize more than ever how rich a Salvationist

The people of India are receiving Him. Are you?
Mrs. Grose joins me in wishing all a happy
Christmas, and a New Year of Salvation joy.
ROBERT B. GROSE, Brigadier.

Now time flies! This will be the third Christ-

OW time flies! This will be the third Christmas I have spent in China. It only seems

but a few months since I bade farewell to the homeland folks at St. John's, Newfoundland

When Christmas comes round, however, my thoughts dwell more than usual on the home I

love. But we enjoy the Yuletide season here in China very much indeed, for we always give a

special treat to the poor people, and try to show to them the joy that comes to our hearts by know-

ing and believing in our Lord Jesus Christ. The Chinese have a Christmas like ours (excepting:

Chinese have no Christmas like ours (excepting the Christians who have believed), for there are millions yet in China who know not of Jesus.

Christ. I urge every "Comrade in this great war" to pray that very soon every Chinese shall know

to pray that very soon every Chinese shall know
of our Saviour.

(Continued on page 18)

But what is undoubtedly the great objective for which He came is summed up in the text, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." (1 John 3:8). The "works" are the incarnations of the evil forces that have made man into the monster that he is. He came into the world to lay hold upon sin, that deadly thing that breaks hearts, wrecks homes, and digs graves. He came to save from sin and fit us for heaven.

Let those of us who profess kinship with Him tell the world that He came to lay hold upon sin, and that men, young and old, may see His power demonstrated in our lives. Our opportunities are widespread. Daily we come in contact with people whom we must influence in some way or other. If we accurately represent our Lord, we can do our part to bring about the day when we leave the rest to Him Whom we serve.

AFTER MANY DAYS IN INDIA

By MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN WATKINS

THE Indian sun beat pitilessly down. Even those born in the country, whose ancestors had for generations past endured the furnace-like climate of this South-eastern portion of the great Peninsular, had spent hours lying under the trees or in any nook where there was a chance of escaping the vertical rays of "Old Sol."

The village was typical of thousands of others in India. Here was the inevitable temple, where the villagers brought their offerings to Siva, one of the Hindu deities; there, the straggling uneven lines of grass-roofed mud houses. A little to the right was the well, from which was obtained the supply of water for the village. From the village site could be seen acres of land under tillage, where the paddy (rice) was growing, and the least movement of air caused that wonderfully beautiful mass of green to sway gracefully—a picture once seen, never forgotten. Here and there, through the village, stood the stately date palm, and yonder a top of grove of thickly growing mango trees.

In scenes of such oriental beauty was found the squalid ill-kept village of R—, a village into which no Christian had ever entered, which had never beheld a Missionary, but which was under the sway of the Hindu Priest who came at intervals to perform some of the questionable rites pertaining to that religion, and to extract from the villagers contributions of money and food.

As the rays of the sun slowly slanted towards the west, there entered the village a group such as had never before been seen there. Four of the number were their own countrymen, but they were garbed in some strange fashion, with bright red coats, on the breasts of which were inscribed words that, even if the villagers could read, would convey no meaning to them. In addition to the red coats, these invaders of the village wore dhoties, shoulder-cloths and turbans of Khaki—the sacred color of India, and across the turbans a band as red as their coats, and bearing the same mystic signs. With them there came a foreigner, a white man, and he also was dressed in like manner to their own countrymen. Some of the men of the village who had had at times disputes with ryots (land-owners) had been to the Court of the District Magistrate, and had there seen white men, but never were they dressed in this wise. Others in the village, however, had never before seen a white man.

In awe and wonderment the villagers gathered round their visitors, who had begun to sing in their own tongue, and in the style of their own lyrics, some strange thing about a God Who was loving, not fierce and angry—Who had given His Son to bear the punishment of those



First appearance in heathen village

would almost have convinced the listeners that there was some truth in it.

Time and time again the Officers visited the village, and the report of these visits reached the ears of the Hindu Priest, who threatened all manner of dire calamities if they continued to listen to the "heresy" taught by the Mukti Fauj. After long consideration, however, the headman, with a following of villagers came to the Divisional Headquarters, and told the Officer in charge that they had decided to give up the worship of Siva, and that they desired to be instructed in such a way and manner that in due time they might be accounted as Christians. Great was the joy of the Officers. The Hindu temple was demolished, a small mud building was erected as a Sena Sala (Army Hall), the names of the villagers were entered on the Adherents' Roll of The Salvation Army, and Officers were appointed to the village.

When the heathen villagers turn to Christianity, one of the first desires expressed is that their children may have some education, for many of the parents have no learning whatever. In R— the usual request was made, and a Day School was started. Some short time after the commencement of our work there, two mothers died on almost the same day, one leaving a bonny boy, and the other leaving two little sons and a daughter. These children were in due course brought to our Boarding Schools, the three boys coming to B—, and the little girl, Gnanamani (pronounced Yabnamoney), to M—. The children grew and learned well, and in course of time gave evidence of real knowledge of the religion of Jesus Christ.

When I first came in touch with Gnanamani, she was about ten years of age, and was in hospital, sick. We learned that one day when the doctor came on his rounds, he said, "You are a brave little girl. I know you must be suffering a great deal of pain, but you are bearing it very patiently." Gnanamani answered, "Jesus helps me, Doctor Sahib. When the pain is worst, I pray to Him, and He helps me."

The doctor was much moved by the simple testimony of the child, and when she was leaving the Hospital, he spoke kind, encouraging words to her, bidding her always to testify about Jesus, and giving her a tiny coin of money—a two-anna piece (equivalent to four cents). This was a great joy to Gnanamani, and when she got back to the School, she said to the Principal—"Mamma, look! I have got two annas. The Doctor Sahib gave it to me. Oh, Mamma, through the love of God, I have always had food and clothes, and God's love in your heart made you come to take care of us, hut, Mamma, this is the first money I have ever had of my very own. I am so happy! As in the story of 'Mary and her little Lamb'—everywhere that Gnanamani went, her two-anna piece was sure to go! After some months, the

world-wide effort of Self-Denial approached, and the Adjutant spoke very clearly and plainly concerning the meaning of the Effort, and towards the end of the actual "Week," Gnanamani was to be seen going about with a very serious look on her usually smiling face. One day, she came to the Principal, and said: "Mamma, I've been thinking—I've been thinking about my two-anna piece." "What about your two-anna piece?" queried the Adjutant. "Well, Mamma, I think I ought to give my two-anna piece to Jesus in Self-Denial. It is the only money I have ever had of my very own, and I have been so happy to have it, but I do love Jesus, and I think I ought to give Him my two-anna piece." The Adjutant looked at Gnanamani and at the tiny piece of money being held out to her. Then, to her mind came the picture of the boy who had only five loaves and two small fishes which, when given to Jesus, fed a multitude, and she wondered how far, on the same basis of calculation, Gnanamani's two annas should go. She accepted it in the same spirit of love and devotion in which it had been offered, and praised God that the true spirit of Christ had taken possession of the heart of even this little one, who had been born in a heathen home.

Gnanamani grew in stature, and by dint of perseverance excelled not only in her lessons, but also in all the womanly arts and capabilities. In due season, she became a Corps Cadet, and eventually a Cadet, all in the same Institution to which she was brought as a little child. Then, as it is not customary for single women Indian Officers to be appointed to the Field, thoughts and plans began to develop in the minds of her leaders regarding a suitable partner for Gnanamani.

Readers will remember that there was a small boy left motherless in the village of R—, at just about the same time as Gnanamani's mother died, and that the boy, Joseph, had been brought to the Boys' Boarding School at B—. At this School, he was the youngest child, and became a general favorite. As the years rolled by, he grew into a tall, fine boy, and did exceedingly well in his lessons. When he had reached the age of twelve years, however, there came a message one day that his father was dying, and in haste he was sent off to his village. A few weeks passed by, and as the boy did not return to the School, an enquiry was sent to the village Officer, who made answer that the boy reached home in time to see his father before he passed away, but that since the funeral, he had not been seen in the village, and no one seemed to know anything of his whereabouts. He seemed to have vanished, and no one had an idea where to seek him.

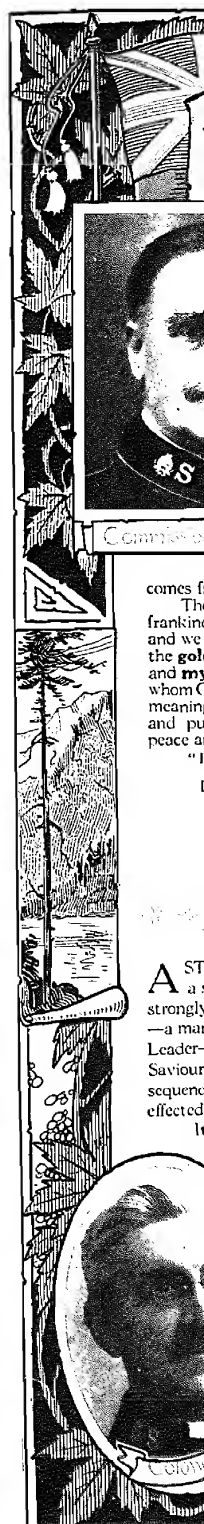
Two years passed away, then one day there arrived at the Headquarters in Madras a boy, tall, alert, with sparkling eyes and smiling face. After giving a respectful "Salam" to the Brigadier, he said, "Don't you remember me?" and Joseph, who used to be at the School at B—, The Brigadier replied, "Of course I remember you, Joseph. But where have you been? We have made many enquiries, and have never been able to discover where you went after your father was buried."

Then came the story of how some of his dead mother's relatives had come to R—, when they learned of his father's illness, and after his death and burial, they had practically compelled the boy to return with them to their far-off village. With a wonderful light in his eyes, he said, "Now the people of the village have paid my expenses to Madras and back that I might come and beg you to send Officers to take charge of it." But, said the Brigadier, when he heard the name of the village, "That is a heathen village. According to dastur (custom, usage) The Salvation Army cannot take charge of a heathen village. If we had a Corps near, we could arrange for Officers to go there, visiting the people, and instructing them, but we cannot take charge of a heathen village." Joseph replied with humility and yet with dignity, "Once it was a heathen village. It was when I went there, but I knew that after what I had learned at the School, I could never be a heathen again. I made up my mind, too, that I would not break what I had learned at the School. I thought the best way to keep me remembering it was, to tell it to others, so I used to get the boys together, and tell them all the things I could remember. Then sometimes the men would come and listen too, and last of all the women and girls used to come, and every night I talked to them and told them about Jesus and how He loved us all. Now, all the people in the village, except one old woman, (Continued on page 19)



"You are a brave little girl"

who had broken His laws! What new teaching was this? Gods could only be harsh! And who, even if he were a god, would give his son to bear the blame that belonged to others? A daughter might perchance be given, but a son—Never! Thus they reasoned among themselves, while each of the "invaders" spoke or sang about this new doctrine with such assurance and confidence as



INDIA

St-Denial approached, like very clearly and meaning of the End of the actual as to be seen going a look on her usually came to the trip. I've been thinking—my two-anna piece, "anna piece?" queried mama. I think I ought to see to Jesus in Self. Money I have ever had have been so happy to Jesus, and I think I two-anna piece." The infant and at the tiny led out to her. Then, cure of the boy who had two small fishes Jesus, fed a multitude, ar, on the same basis it's two annas should be same spirit of love had been offered, and e spirit of Christ had part of even this little weathen home.

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THEY LEAD THE FORCES OF CANADA EAST



TO READERS OF THE CHRISTMAS "WAR CRY,"

and particularly to my own dear Salvation Army Comrades, I wish a glad Festive Season filled with the brightness of the Saviour's presence, and with that joy which

comes from loving, consecrated service for others. The Wise Men of old brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Babe of Bethlehem, and we can still bring to the Christ of Christmastide the gold of gratitude, the frankincense of purity, and myrrh of devotion—then those around us, to whom Christ and Christmas convey so little inward meaning, shall see a beauty in Him as His character and purpose are revealed in our lives, radiating peace and good-will to all.

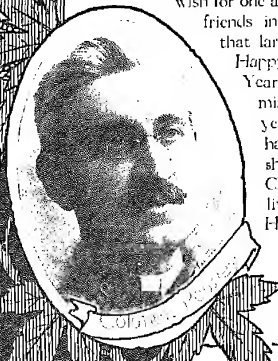
"I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
For that great love which made Thee mine:
I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
But all I have is Thine."

Chas. Chilton

(Commissioner.)

A STABLE—a manger—a charming mother and a sweet child. There is a picture that appeals strongly to our human instincts. A radiant Youth—a marvellous Teacher—a persecuted and forsaken Leader—a dying Martyr—a risen Christ—a personal Saviour! This is the soul-stirring and convincing sequence by which the Redemption of man was effected.

It is because of all this that we are able to wish for one and all of our Comrades and friends in The Army, as well as of that larger fellowship in Christ, "A Happy Christmas and a Glad New Year." And your happiness and mine through the days and years of our lives will be enhanced more and more as we show forth the praises of our Christ and King by our pure lives and unselfish service in His cause.



Alfred E. Powley

(Colonel.)



As we, this joyous Christmas Season, remember God's great and tender love to us, revealed in the gift of Jesus, may our hearts afresh be drawn out in deeper and truer devotion to Him.

The Heavenly Host proclaimed the glad message, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," and we give God glory for all who have received this joyful message. But, alas, there are many who are still bound by evil habits, and who do not know where to find deliverance. Let us then, this Christmastide, dedicate our every power to Christ, and with greater love and earnestness tell out the story of His redeeming love.

Wishing every "War Cry" reader a Christmas of cheer and blessing, and a New Year filled with the presence of Christ.

Eleanor Slowton

(Mrs.) Commissioner.

WE celebrate another glad anniversary of the greatest event in human history—the birth of the Holy Child, Jesus. Just how much happiness that event has brought into the world it is impossible to imagine. To untold millions down the ages it has made all the difference in life and death, in this world and the next.

Let us all rejoice and be exceedingly glad, tuning our hearts anew at this time to sing the praises of our loving Heavenly Father whose gracious purposes for mankind have been so wonderfully fulfilled. Let us join in the song of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

I hope that this may be for all my Canadian comrades the happiest and the most useful Christmas of their lives.

Korene E. Powley

(Mrs.) Colonel.



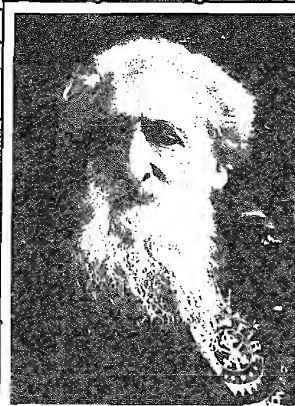
SALVATION ARMY PATFINDERS



Commr Booth Tucker



The Late Commr Railton



WILLIAM BOOTH



Commr Charles Jeffries



Commr Henry Mapp



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Major Mac Nam



Lieut. Col. Beltrid

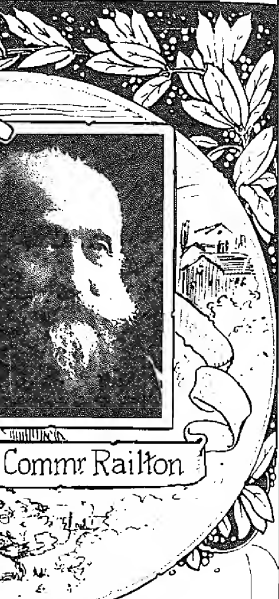


Lieut. Col. N



Brig. Southall

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Commr Railton



Mr Henry Mapp

ENLISTED IN THE EIGHTIES



Major Mac Namara

Lieut. Col. Des Brisay



Colonel Miller

Mrs Col. Miller

Lieut. Col. Beltridge

Lieut. Col. Hargrave



Lieut. Col. Noble

Staff Capt. Cameron

Mrs Lieut. Col. Hargrave

Lieut. Col. Morehen



Brig. Southall

Mrs Brig. Southall

Lieut. Col. Adby

Mrs Brig. Jennings

Brig. Jennings

God's Call

BY
THE GENERAL

God's Plan

BY
MRS. BOOTH

and Jesus Christ was the Call of God to the families of men. He plunged right into the very centre of human life. Messenger of God—He proclaimed the Voice of God. But more than all this, the kind of life He lived and the quality was more than what He did—come to Him—to know Him.

combine to make Jesus supremely wonderful. His miracles and His miracle—so exalted and generous, and yet so near to knowledge of the Father and of the life with man and sympathy with woman and His supremacy over all His surroundings. His claim to be one with God—*He and the Father.* His manifestation of self—constant putting of His own judgment for the people. His readiness from the self up for the Truth—a readiness which, even the death of the Cross. How

s would not have made the Call. Even in Jesus without making an effective appeal, and empty hearts. Beautiful and it were all, we are too dark to see its glory. Without something more to be little above the trees and flowers and wonderful and beautiful things which they can know.

the attraction—indeed, it was that which us. It was His love that we felt—that opened our eyes—that called to and forth—that sent us strong thrills and holy longings. Love made His Word true and wise for us—so sweet and undimmed and hurt. Love made His session of us—made it holy and acceptable prayer in our lives: *Thy Will, not mine,*

being merely our great, wise, faultless indwelling Saviour. Love opened our eyes of His own union with the Father and to our consciences, our sensibilities, our love we are learning to know Him more. Now love casts out those twin sources of

HERE is something entrancing in the thought of the joy in the hearts of multitudes of children all over the world of Christendom as the Christmas festival draws nigh.

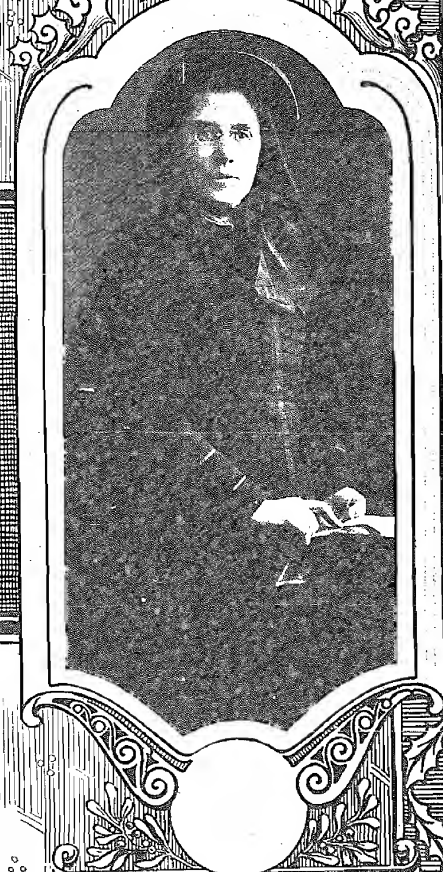
To realize the full extent of this is difficult, but perhaps for Salvationists it is enough if we strive to enter into the Christmas joy of Salvationists and Salvation Army families. Think only of the countries where our Flag has more recently begun to wave! In Celebes, in China, in Brazil, in Czecho-Slovakia, as well as in other places where The Army Work has been longer established, happy parents—some for the first time—will turn their thoughts towards the Manger and the Babe of Bethlehem, and overflowing with gratitude will ask, "What can we do at Christmas-time to help our children to know our Lord?"

As I think of the Christmas festivals of the past, I realize from my own experience something of God's plan for His children. The family, and the home—which is like a precious garment surrounding and shielding it—were instituted by Divine wisdom in order to continue and train human life according to the Divine plan. And this plan of home and family is not for this life only, but is the model for our life in the world to come. The Bible speaks to us of 'our Father who art in Heaven,' of 'the household of God,' and of 'God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named.'

Our Heavenly Father's desire is that every home should be a place where children may find it possible to obey that command of His, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' God's command at that time gave the mother a place of equal honour with the father. It is easy to think of this command in its relationship only to the children and young people, but it is not possible for children really to honour an *Unworthy* parent. If parents are to be honoured by their children, they must so act as to command the respect of those children.

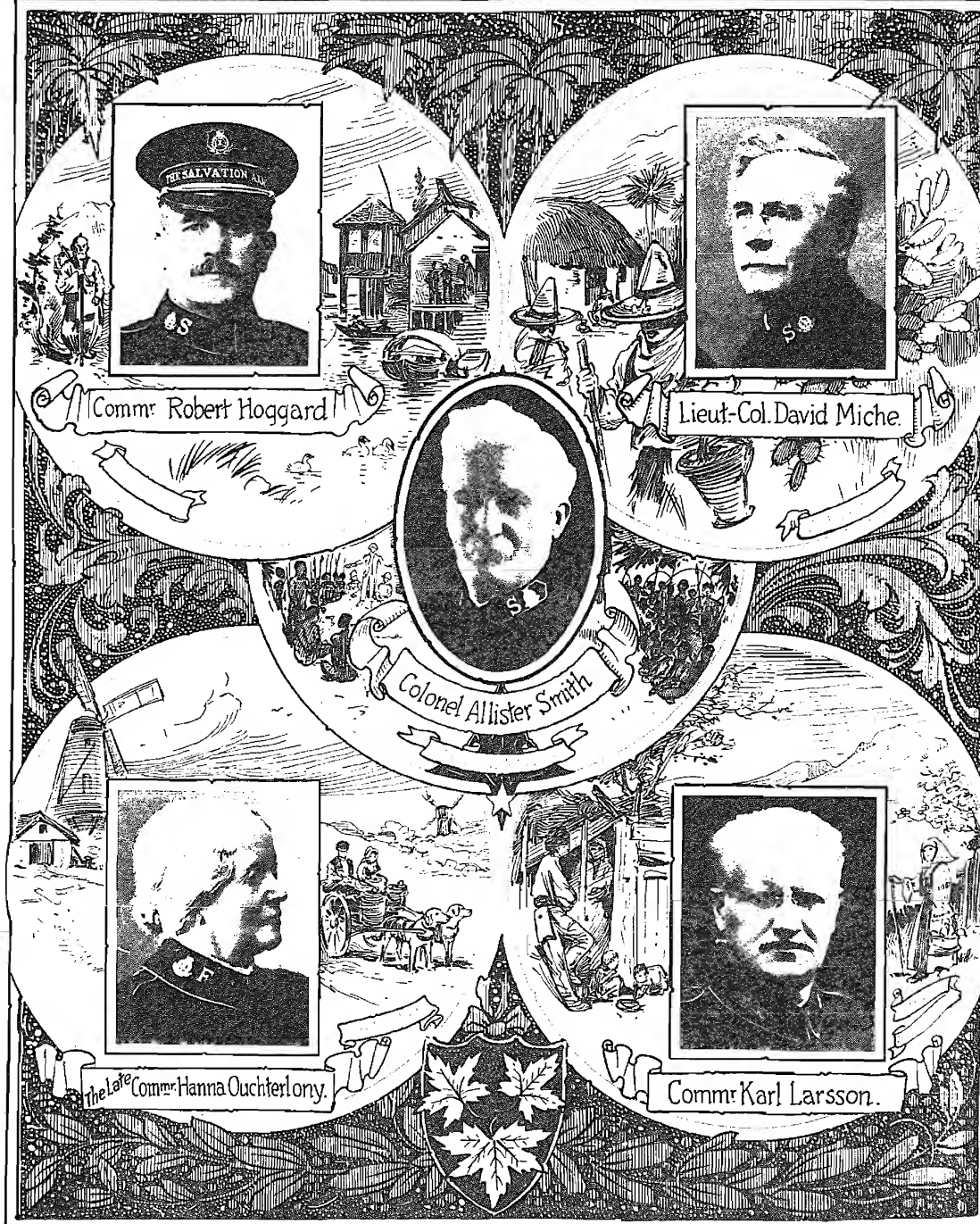
Mary was a mother who had vision for the future of her Child. She received her Babe as a trust from God. In this she was a model mother. Every moment of His infant life and developing childhood, was precious to her because she saw it as a mirror of the future. What He was to-day, what she helped Him to do to-day, so He would be and do in the future years. It was thus she was worthy of His honour.

How much cause there is for Christian gladness! Has not the Babe who came into Mary's arms shown us a way by which we can safely reach the love of our Heavenly Home? Has He not shown us in His life and example and by direct revelation of God's will, that our earthly home can be a shelter from the storm, a place of mutual love, mutual helpfulness, mutual incentive to growth in the things of the Heavenly Kingdom; united joy! May true Christmas joy and peace abound in the homes of men, but especially in the homes of our dear Salvation Army people this Christmas time, while we ponder the Christmas message, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men".



Mrs. Bramwell Booth

Salvation Army Pathfinders.

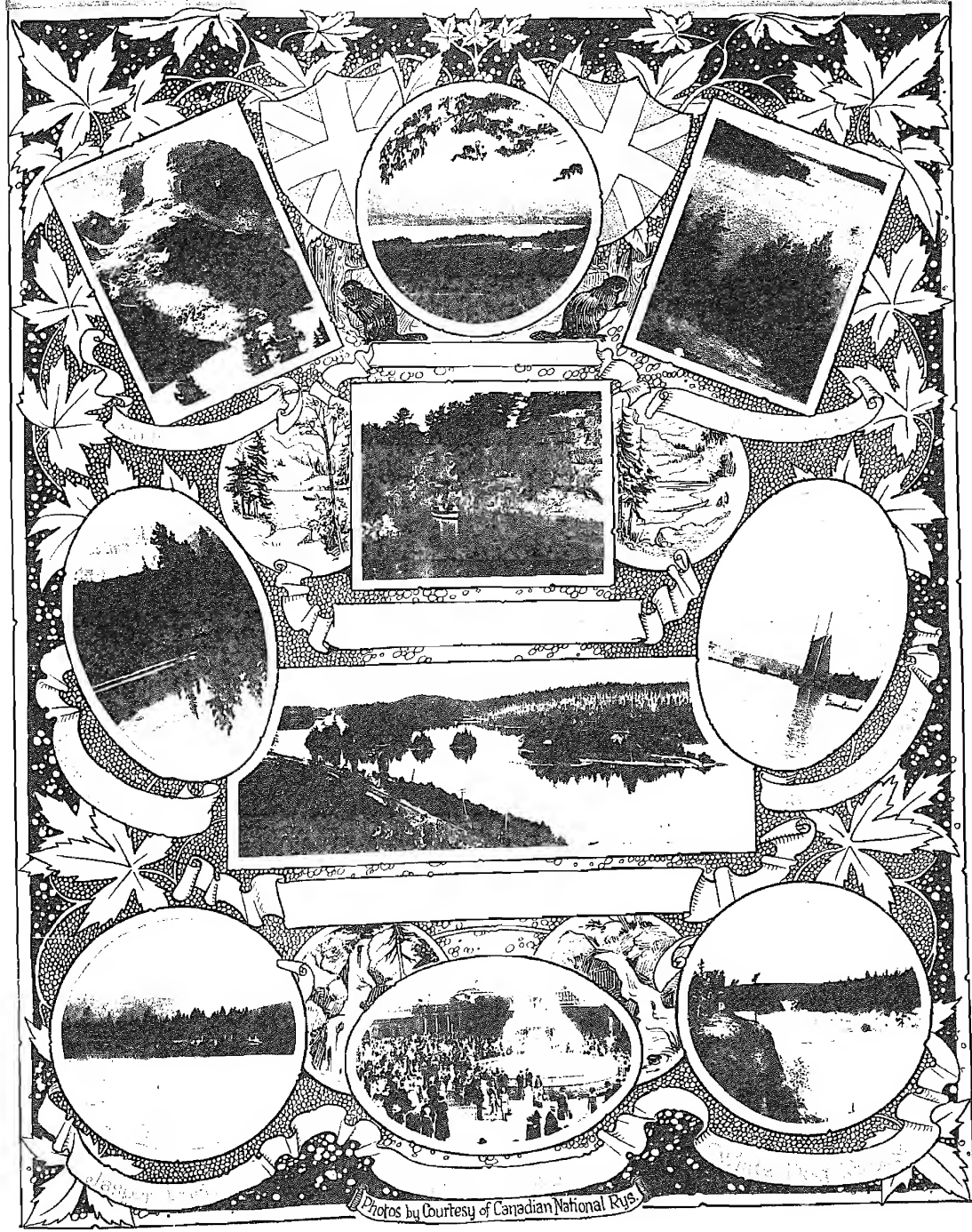


Canada

ers.



Canadian beauty spots.



Photos by Courtesy of Canadian National Ry.

MINISTERING IN HIS NAME



"The greatest artist is she who
paints a smile upon the face of
suffering."

IT is in this exalted artistry of human life that The Salvation Army nurse is particularly skilled. She is apt in that alchemy which transforms suffering into blessing by a touch of sympathy.

Wherever there are hearts that pine, bodies that suffer, souls that despair, or lives that are broken—she finds fit subjects for her skill. To the bedside of many a lonely and smitten woman she bears her palette of song, sympathy and smiles, and adds therewith a beauty touch to the picture she is painting.

The canvas upon which she sometimes spends her labor is the heart of a wronged woman or the body of a handicapped babe.

In the watchful vigils of endless nights, and in the unrelieved nerve-testing hours spent in the operating theatre, she is attacked by the undertow of mental and physical fatigue. She would fain have someone touch her own pale cheeks with the cherry hue of health and restfulness. But the impulse of love bids her stand faithful. All about her may be the weird moanings of tortured patients, the gruesome sight of mangled humanity, the inarticulate demands of infant voices—but she heroically lightens the drab atmosphere with the tints of optimism.

All honor, then, to these splendid women who watch while others sleep; who work while others weep; who practice while others preach. In this life they may never see more than unfinished canvas, but the Law of Eternal Justice demands the straightening out of life's inequalities. And to those who minister in His Name, God will reveal at the Golden Daybreak the picture painted on earth.

"This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face:
Her very smile a blessing throws,
And hearts are happier where she goes;
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—Thank God for her!"

NUMBER 1

Prison

EVERYWHERE the tide was in the streets—the snow and the moon seemed to be rapt in the arms of Santa Claus because of the good behavior of the young folks in order to stir up his generosity. But over in the gutter, down and numbered as a "2" by all.

After days of dawned, bringing the town settled in his misery, for Christmas morning about him. The tuneless message, chord in his poor booze had shattered out of his life. The punishment that the hearing a card with

"The Salvation Christmas. God

Little attention The Army, except again, it had a new awakened hope, mined to learn a remembered him coming to The Army that night when of love he also felt his portion.

Now, up in the Lamb and joining Old Bill thinks so of Santa Claus to long ago.

NUMBER 2

The

JIM was a fine Yankee. He was a great promise business when the unfortunately for weakness—he was silly "flew off the streak in his eb trouble just before ago.

As the Christ very heavy, Jim way his dad was could manage any way. Naturally, interference with a tempered and str which prostrated peared and, after dead.

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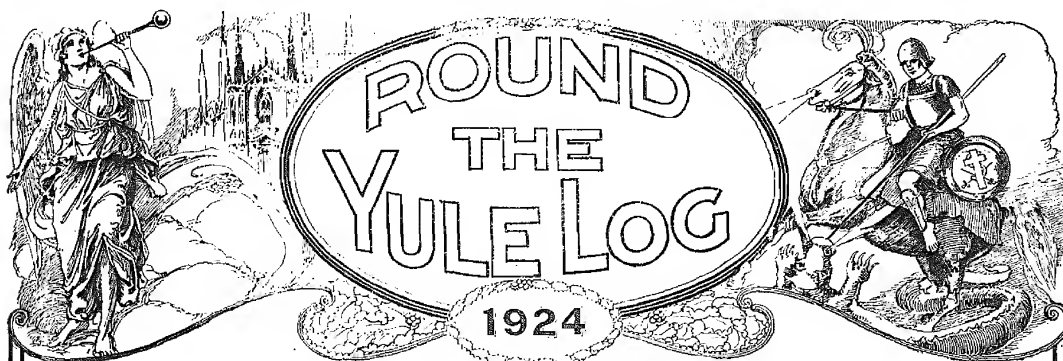
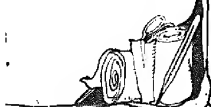
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NUMBER 1

Prisoner Set Free

EVERYWHERE the spirit of Christmas-tide was manifest. In the houses, on the streets—there was no evading it. It had invaded the town of X—, despite snow and the most hard times. Everybody seemed to be remembering someone else. Santa Claus became an object of veneration, and good behavior was promised by the young folks in order to assist his memory and stir up his generosity.

But over in the local Jail was Old Bill, forgotten, down, and almost out. He was remembered as a "hopeless case," and given up by all.

After days of anticipation, Christmas Day dawned, bringing gladness to old and young. The town settled down to enjoy the season's festivities. But in the Jail yonder—Old Bill, in his misery, found no joy in the coming of Christmas morning, for no one seemed to care about him. The merry bells rang out their tuneful message, but there was no responsive chord in his poor, crushed heart for the booze had shattered all gladness and joy out of his life. So it was much to his astonishment that the jailer handed him a parcel, bearing a card with this message:

"The Salvation Army wishes you A Merry Christmas. God Bless You!"

Little attention had been paid by Bill to The Army, except to give it an occasional curse. But as he repeated the greeting over and over again, it had a new sound, and the message awakened hope. On his release he determined to learn more about the people who remembered him when imprisoned. His coming to The Army Hall created a stir, and that night when Old Bill heard the message of love he also found the peace of God to his portion.

Now, up in Gloryland, whilst praising the Lamb and joining the grand Amens, no doubt Old Bill thinks sometimes of those who played Santa Claus to him that Christmaside of long ago.

NUMBER 2

The Lost Found

JIM was a fine big fellow and a typical Yankee. He was a hard worker and gave great promise of managing his father's business when the latter retired. However, unfortunately for Jim, he had a clinging weakness—he was hot-headed, and occasionally "saw off the handle." It was this bad streak in his character which got him into trouble just before Christmas a few years ago.

As the Christmas rush of business was very heavy, Jim got out of patience with the way his dad was doing things, thinking he could manage much better if he had his own way. Naturally, the father resented the interference with the result that Jim got hot-tempered and struck the old man a blow which prostrated him. Jim suddenly disappeared and, after a time, was given up for dead.

To cut a long story short, however, one Winter Jim turned up at the Montreal Salvation Army Shelter after he had spent his money in riotous living. He attended Meetings at the Metropole for about three months, with the result that "he came to himself," and the lost was found. Jim had an interview with The Army Officer, and told a sad story. His parents were advised that their son was not dead, but very much alive. A cheque was forwarded by the elated father for the prodigal to get fixed up and come home immediately, and great, big six-footer Jim cried like a baby and took his departure.

Eighteen months after this event, a Hudson seven-passenger car stopped in front of

STORY
COMPETITION

READ THESE STORIES and vote—your vote may mean ten dollars to someone and five dollars to someone else. These stories are not signed, as we want each story to be judged on its merits and not because readers know the writers.

The votes will be counted after January 9th. Each voter has eight votes. All may be given for one story, or so many for one and so many for others. State on post card number and title of story, number of votes, name and address of sender, and address to Editor, "War Cry," 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

BE SURE TO VOTE
IMMEDIATELY.

the same Shelter and out bounced a tall, fine-looking business man. He inquired for the manager, and the first words he said were, "Don't you know me, Cap?" I must confess that I did not. It has often been said that "clothes don't make the man," but it made a mighty big change in this fellow. "Don't you know me?" he repeated. "Why, I'm Jim, the bum, or rather I was when last I met you. But now, thank God, I am Jim, the business man, of Brooklyn, New York, and in passing through Montreal on a trip, I just simply had to come in and show myself. Everything is all right and I am now attending church regularly, and prospects for the future are good."

NUMBER 3

Saved At Drumhead

DURING our command in Bermuda, the Citadel at Hamilton was closed for repairs, which necessitated "carrying on" in the open-air. Bermuda weather lends itself very favorably for such a course. In connection with these meetings, a chair was our pulpit, and the drum our Penitent-form.

One beautiful moonlight night our stand was outside a bar-room. The comrades rallied and the opening song was lined out—"There is a Better World." During the singing I noticed a frail woman open a door, come out, sit on the step, and listen attentively.

Finally, the comrades knelt in prayer, I gave the invitation to accept Christ, and four seekers came forward and found mercy. We were about to close and were singing, "He died of a broken heart," when I noticed this woman come forward with faltering steps. Placing her cushion beside the drum, she knelt, and there the loving Christ healed her broken and contrite heart, to which fact she rose and testified.

That was the last Open-air she attended. We assisted her back home, and the next day visited her, but found she was too ill to rise. When calling upon her from time to time, she expressed gratitude to God and The Army for carrying the Gospel message to her door, and asked the privilege of becoming a Soldier. This request was granted, and on what afterwards proved to be her death-bed, we enrolled her under The Colors.

On our way to the boat, which sailed for Canada, my last act was to visit her. "I am so glad I found Jesus, at last," were the parting words she uttered.

A few weeks later we received word from Captain Church, saying that our Comrade had forded the River, and was buried with a Soldier's honors. Another redeemed soul sings around the Throne this Christmas because Christ was proclaimed in the Open-air.

NUMBER 4

From Living Death

IT HAPPENED in a British Columbia gold-mining town. The rush of gold-seekers had found their way up into the mountains, and with them had come The Salvation Army with its beneficent influences, scattering sunshine and gladness everywhere. With the gold-seekers had also followed that dangerous element known as "the underworld," and just on the outskirts of the town these workers of iniquity had built palatial houses in which to carry on their nefarious traffic. I had just retired to rest when suddenly a loud knock aroused me. Answering the door I found a young woman in great excitement, breathlessly trying to tell me I was wanted and begging me to follow her. Having donned my coat and cap, I soon found myself mounting the steps of one of these houses of disrepute. The large doors were thrown open and I was bidden to enter a spacious, well-lighted room. Upon doing so I stood in the

(Continued on page 19)



Make Room for the Saviour

by Colonel Cloud

THE chief purpose of the first advent of Christ was to destroy the work of Satan in the human heart, and in consequence to make the heart a throne for His own sovereignty.

Now the heart of man may be compared to the stable at Bethlehem. As a babe Christ came into the world and was surrounded by adverse conditions of life. There were animals all around Him, and the quarters were quite inconducive for such an one as the Prince of Peace. Even thus may the Saviour be born in the human heart. At the birth of "Christ in you," He comes as a child. He does not delay His appearing until the person is reformed any more than He waited for Bethlehem's stable to be cleansed. When the Word was made flesh He came in the form of a helpless babe, with all the limitations therein implied. He was born King of the Jews, even while Herod occupied the throne. He still comes in the same way. He lies down in the heart even in company with much that is undesirable, but in whatsoever heart He is born, let Herod beware!

There may be born to you this day, in the manger of your heart, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. If He has not already made entry there, prepare the manger, make room for His presence. There was no room for Him in the inn; He was crowded out. But, thank God, He did find a place, even if a humble one, midst the beasts of the stable. Regard not your unclean estate then, but in faith prepare for Him a resting place. He will come, vile though you be.

Some reader may say, "I made room for the Prince many years ago." If so, what is your experience to-day? When Christ was born in Bethlehem an Idumean usurper sat upon the throne, and all about were wars and disturbances. But there came an end of Herod's reign. When Jesus was born in your heart, He found opposition to his immediate ascendancy. There were selfishness, Herodian greed and malice, and a horde of beastly habits. Has there yet been ushered in an era of peace and deliverance from these annoying tyrants?

Within you function the God-given faculty of conscience. Like the still small voice of an infant it insistently warns against the contrivings of Herod, in fact it makes him a coward. He would like to destroy that voice. He knows that he

and Christ cannot long dwell in the same palace and be at peace. Let me ask you here—has the Infant Jesus been throttled by the Herod of your soul? Or vice versa? Let this Christmas Day be a time for spiritual retrospection.

On that first Christmas morning the Holy Child seemed powerless amidst those beasts, but around Him there sounded strange songs, prophetic of coming glory. The star of hope, too, was in evidence. Similarly, when

to the darkness, and he saw that the room was very dirty and disorderly. He commenced to try and clean it up and put it right, but the more he tried the worse it got. Then a gleam of light streamed into the room, but with it a greater revelation of its dirty condition. While thus in the act of cleaning, a knock sounded at the door. He answered, "Oh, I cannot admit anyone into this room in this condition." But the knock came louder. He then went

gave his testimony as to how he found Full Salvation. After conversion he tried every way to live and grow in favor with God, but absolutely failed. God revealed Himself to him in a dream. He dreamt he was in a very dark room. His eyes grew accustomed

GREETINGS From Our MISSIONARIES

Continued from Page 6

CHRISTMAS greetings from Sunny Rhodesia to all! A year's fighting for God and the Army in this country finds us well and happy. Our testimony is "We have pleasure in His service, more than all!" How about you, dear reader? Have you also this blessed experience this Christmastide? On that first Christmas there was no room for Him in the inn. Do you say, "No room for Jesus"? This will be the happiest Christmas you have ever spent if you accept the babe of Bethlehem as your Saviour and King. God bless you. Yours in the fight.

CAPTAIN AND

MRS. H. WOOD.

It is difficult to think of Christmas as enjoyed in Canada, when in this land we melt under a burning sun, and perpetually mop our perspiring brows. It is possible, however, here to enjoy the Peace of Christmas of which the angels sang at the coming of the Prince of Peace. May every reader at this season have a realization of that Peace which no earthly thing can disturb, and help to bring about that reign of Peace in hearts as yet in rebellion to our King. A joyous Christmas to you all!

C. MADEL BELL,
Captain.

'Born—A Saviour'

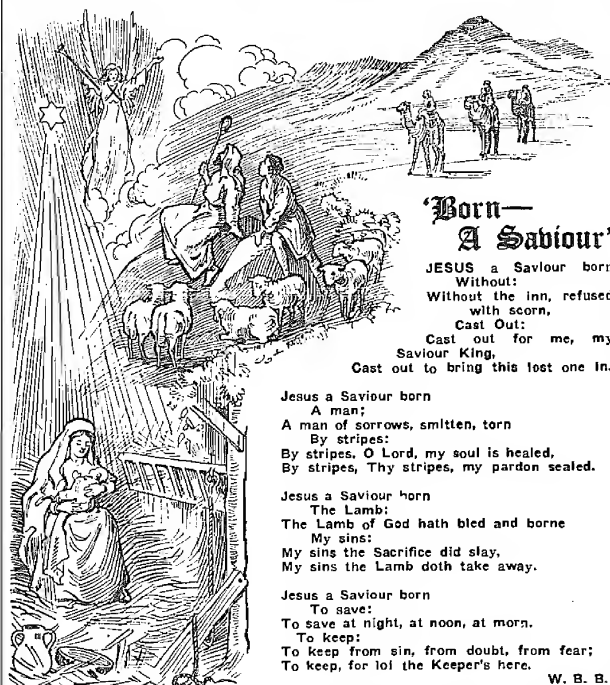
JESUS a Saviour born
Without:
Without the inn, refused
with scorn,
Cast Out:
Cast out for me, my
Saviour King,
Cast out to bring this lost one in.

Jesus a Saviour born
A man:
A man of sorrows, smitten, torn
By stripes:
By stripes, O Lord, my soul is healed,
By stripes, Thy stripes, my pardon sealed.

Jesus a Saviour born
The Lamb:
The Lamb of God hath bled and borne
My sins:
My sins the Sacrifice did slay,
My sins the Lamb doth take away.

Jesus a Saviour born
To save:
To save at night, at noon, at morn.
To keep:
To keep from sin, from doubt, from fear;
To keep, for lo! the Keeper's here.

W. B. B.



He first came to your soul you were conscious of new victory, and yearned after higher things. There were aspirations after goodness, longings for purity. These new yearnings were gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh, attesting to the inborn Presence within the heart.

The Gospels portray the Son of God in conflict with all the works of darkness—hatred, envy, death, disease. He is yet in conflict with evil forces. He shatters idols erected in human hearts. He destroys death by the gift of life; dispenses darkness by the gift of light; abolishes hatred by the gift of love. He, Himself, is Light, Life, and Love.

A great Holiness advocate once

to the door and asked, "Who's there?" and the answer came, "I am Jesus Christ—may I come in?" The dreamer replied, "Oh, I cannot let you come in yet, wait until I clear things up a bit." He tried again, but failed—yet the knocking and pleading continued. Christ said, "I can make the disorder order, the darkness light, and I can clear away the dirt if you will only open the door." At last, tired and weary, he stretched out his hand, lifted the latch, opened the door, and in walked THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. He dispensed the darkness, all became order, and the dirt disappeared. The man awakened with Christ in possession. Reader, ponder the story. There is power in it!

THE ANGEL GLORY SON

BY BRIGADIER COL.

Australia

(Specially Contributed)

ALM on the air of tell the angel voices, the rude shepherds their lonely vigil on the wide expanse of the Judean plains. "The lands around Bethlehem in days gone by David had lost his father's sheep, and Amos had his herds and dressed his sycamore. The air became vibrant with an angel form stood before the sky was filled with seraphs, angels, enchanting music made heavens ring, whilst out of the of darkness shone the star; I

Peace and Good-will! And what was the burden Angels' Song? And what was the silence of the Star?

The song of peace, "Peace and good-will to men," whilst symbolised guidance and hope. Christ came to bring peace, the "Prince of Peace."

"The wrong shall fall,
The right prevail."

"Peace." How comforting! There is music and heaven in our imagination conjures up and delights, a cloudless sky laughing with a harvest, plover and vale, cattle upon the workmen undisturbed pursuing labors, no war and clangor or affrighting the people with dread where.

The song and the angels harken dreaming, "dreaming of the workshop, the ending of the misunderstandings between men and man; peace in the State parties in unholy rivalry no but all men's good each man peace betwixt the nations, the no longer to be the cause of a able horror. But beautiful as these dreams, and compassed are by the Angels' words, the far short of what Christ's involves. The peace He gives superficial, but radical; it means of all, peace in man, peace, centre of things." The best of the head, but that of the "Naked knowledge," said the writer, "makes the head glow never makes the heart holy."

His Great Purpose

To teach men to love each other, to deal justly, to love mercy bread in their sympathies and in their deeds, was the of the Christ-Man's life. Unfolding, the wealth of generosity, the of beneficence oft-times of the "slimy and stagnant selfishness."

Let the spirit of Christmas the hearts of all our readers fountains of benevolence suffusing the arid plains of need, relieving the necessities poor, drying up the tears of sorrow, pouring in the oil of breaking hearts. Aye, re those smitten by the late wounded, the mothers and the children!

If we have money, "It may the snow-white robes of an angel pass out into the streets, and up little children in its arms, the Saviour's work." It is a transformation of wealth that the most blessedness to the where it goes and the honor which it springs!

Then three cheers for Christ! How apt the words of a true man: "I am as light as a feather as happy as an angel; I am merry as a school boy." A Christmas to everybody. A New Year to all the world.

ENSIGN AND

MRS. SMITH.

MEETINGS from Our SIONARIES

Continued from Page 6

"MAS greetings from Sum-
hodesia to all! A year's
ing for God and The Army
stry finds us well and hap-
testimony is "We have
His service, more than
about you, dear reader?
also this blessed experi-
christmastide? On that first
there was no room for
e inn. Do you say, "No
esus"? This will be the
christmas you have ever
you accept the Babe of
as your Saviour and King.
you. Yours in the light.

STAIN AND
MRS. H. WOOD.

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christmas as enjoyed in
Canada, when in this land
melt under a burning
and perpetually mop our
sweating brows. It is pos-
sible, however, here to enjoy
Peace of Christmas of
the angels sang at the
ing of the Prince of
Peace. May every reader at
season have a realization
that Peace which no earth-
thing can disturb, and
to bring about that reign
Peace in hearts as yet in
peace to our King. A joy-
Christmas to you all!

C. MABEL BELL,
Captain.

CANNOT allow this oppor-
tunity to pass without
wishing my Canadian and
Canadian comrades and
has a very happy Christ-
and God's richest bless-
for 1925. May you enjoy
h of His presence and
ce. At this period of the
my thoughts naturally
ert to the past, and I think
happy Christmas spent
in England, in Canada and
munda, and I praise God
in spite of the fact that I
far removed from my dear
ones, from the friends of
childhood, and the scenes
my early Officer service for
Master, yet I am enjoy-
broad in their sympathies and gen-
erous in their deeds, was the purpose
of the Christ-Man's life. Unfortunately,
the wealth of generosity, the treas-
ures of beneficence oftentimes circle in
the "slimy and stagnant pools of
selfishness."

Let the spirit of Christmas possess
the hearts of all our readers; the
fountains of benevolence gush forth,
fertilizing the arid plains of selfish-
ness, relieving the necessities of the
poor, drying up the tears of the sor-
rowful, pouring in the oil of comfort
into breaking hearts. Aye, remember
those smitten by the late war, the
wounded, the mothers and fathers,
the children!

If we have money, "It may put on
the snow-white robes of an angel, and
pass out into the streets, and gather
up little children in its arms, and do
the Saviour's work." It is this last
transformation of wealth that brings
the most blessedness to the place
where it goes and the bosom from
which it springs!

Then three cheers for Christmas.
How apt the words of a transformed
man: "I am as light as a feather. I
am as happy as an angel; I am as
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Christmas to everybody. A Happy
New Year to all the world.

NSIGN AND
MRS. SMITH.

THE ANGELS' GLORY SONG

BY BRIGADIER COLVIN,
Australia

(Specially Contributed)

ALM on the air of night
fell the angel voices, startling
the radio shepherds keeping
their lonely vigil on the wide stretch-
es of the Judean plains, "those pas-
ture lands around Bethlehem, where
in days gone by David had tended his
father's sheep, and Amos had driven
his herds and dressed his sycamores."
The air became vibrant with melody, an
angelic form stood before them, the
sky was filled with seraphic be-
ings, enchanting music made the
heavens ring, whilst out of the sleeve
of darkness shone the star; His star.

Peace and Good-will

And what was the burden of the
Angels' Song? And what was the sig-
nificance of the Star?

The song of peace, "Peace on earth
and good-will to men," whilst the star
symbolised guidance and hope.
Christ came to bring peace. He is
the "Prince of Peace."

"The wrong shall fall,
The right prevail."

"Peace." How comforting the word.
There is music and heaven in it. How
our imagination conjures up a thou-
sand delights, a cloudless sky, fields
laughing with a harvest, peace in
hamlet and vale, cattle upon the hills,
workmen undisturbed pursuing their
labors, no war and clangor of battle
afrighting the people with dread any-
where.

The song and the angels have set
men dreaming, "dreaming of peace in
the workshop, the ending of unhappy
misunderstandings between master
and man; peace in the State, rival
parties in wholly rivalry no longer,
but all men's good each man's love;
peace betwixt the nations, the sword
no longer to be the cause of unspeak-
able horror. But beautiful as are all
these dreams, and compassed as they
are by the Angels' words, they fall
far short of what Christ's gift in-
volves. The peace He gives is not
superficial, but radical; it means, first
of all, peace in man, peace at the
centre of things." The best educa-
tion, after all, is not so much that
of the head, but that of the heart.
"Naked knowledge," said an old
writer, "makes the head giddy, but
never makes the heart holy."

His Great Purpose

To teach men to love each other,
to deal justly, to love mercy, to be
brother in their sympathies and gen-
erous in their deeds, was the purpose
of the Christ-Man's life. Unfortunately,
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the "slimy and stagnant pools of
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into breaking hearts. Aye, remember
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If we have money, "It may put on
the snow-white robes of an angel, and
pass out into the streets, and gather
up little children in its arms, and do
the Saviour's work." It is this last
transformation of wealth that brings
the most blessedness to the place
where it goes and the bosom from
which it springs!

Then three cheers for Christmas.
How apt the words of a transformed
man: "I am as light as a feather. I
am as happy as an angel; I am as
merry as a school boy." A Merry
Christmas to everybody. A Happy
New Year to all the world.

YULE STORY COMPETITION

See Page 17 and Register Your Findings before January 9th

presence of a tragedy, for at my feet
a man lay dead, and on a lounge
there lay a young woman in what I
thought were the throes of death.
The young man, who lay dead, had
shot her four times. I approached
the woman, and while I knelt by
her side, she cried out, "O Captain,
am I dying? If I am, for God's sake
take me out of here! Don't let me die
in this place; it is hell!" Until the
doctor came I prayed with her, and
around us were gathered eight other
girls who likewise knelt and prayed.
The young woman did not die. She
promised us to have done forever
with a life of vice; she returned to
her mother and is now a good
Christian woman. But how very near
she came to losing her soul that
Christmas-time of long ago!

NUMBER 7

Helped by Music

NUMBER 5

Imagination?

CERTAIN Officer, still loyally
doing his bit, suffered severely
from asthma. When he was ac-
cepted for the work his doctor told
him he'd be dead within a year.

It is reported of this Officer
that on one occasion he and his Lieuten-
ant were specialising at a strange
Corps and were billeted with an
Army friend. It was a hot night, and
the Captain's asthma was very bad.
He went to bed, but lay awake a long
time gasping for breath, until he
really thought he was dying. He woke
his Lieutenant and asked him to
please hurry up and open the window
and get some fresh air into the
room, as he was almost suffocated.
The Lieutenant, half asleep and in
total darkness, rose and tried to lo-
cate the window. He was so long in
doing so that the Captain urged him
to make haste or he'd be dead. The
Lieutenant at last got his hands on
the glass window but for the life of
him he could not raise it. The Cap-
tain repeated again and again his re-
quest for quick action before he passed
away, and on being told by the
Lieutenant that he couldn't raise the
glass, demanded that he smash the
glass. This the Lieutenant did, and
with a sigh of intense relief the Cap-
tain breathed in the life-giving ozone
and was soon asleep.

In the morning, they found that it
was the glass front of the bookcase
that had suffered!

The explanations to the kind host-
ess in the morning were made with
some difficulty, as it was manifestly
impossible for the Captain to account
for the fresh air invasion, unless he
admitted that his lively imagination
had kept him in the land of the living.

NUMBER 6

Love's Gift

T LAST — Christmas morning!
The children danced with glee
because the mysterious Visitor
had come. He had brought presents
and toys, "just what I asked for."
But here is a parcel the postman has
brought. Whatever can it be? When
opened, the parcel was found to con-
tain a rag doll, a few small decora-
tions, and a card of greeting. They
came from "grandma." She was not
come from "grandmother" by natural re-
lationship but, what is much better, by
the bond of love between her and the
little ones she was trying to please.
She was poor, getting quite old, and
slightly bent by hard work. The
rag doll had cost her much
trouble, but its value was very little, but
its market value had been great. No
love's sacrifice had been great. No

present was more appreciated than
this one, and it took first place
amongst the presents of that day be-
cause "grandma" was so dearly loved.
Although she was poor, she was kind
and good, and she gave her best out
of a heart of love.

Many of us receive gifts from
friends at Christmas time, and we
entertain loving thoughts of the
giver. God "so loved" that He gave
Jesus, the choicest Gift of Heaven,
to become the Friend of sinners. Yet
how poorly we seem to express our
gratitude for His gift, which is so
priceless and to the whole world.

haustion, consequent upon his whole-
sale imbibings, but this desire to
listen to the Salvationists was some-
thing new, and gave the woman
cause for wonderment.

Suddenly, getting up on to his knees
and putting his hands together, the
drunk-slave said, "Mark — Mary — a
Saviour — Christ — my — Lord! My
— Saviour! — Have — mercy — on — me!"
and fell into her arms. His spirit had
flown!

AFTER MANY DAYS

(Continued from page 8)

are Christians. They have given up
worshipping in the temple, and they
serve the true God. Oh, Brigadier,
won't you come and see for yourself?

The Brigadier went, and found that
it was even as Joseph had said. The
whole village, with the exception of
one woman, had forsaken their idol-
worship, and had turned to the living
God. Officers were soon appointed,
and from that village there has gone
out to the surrounding villages such
influence as has caused enquiries to
be made, and an appeal to be sent
to the Headquarters stating that
"The people in your village are hap-
pier and better than we are. Come
and teach us also, that some day per-
haps we may be allowed to be called
Christians."

Joseph was brought back to School.
He resumed his studies, and in due
course entered the Training Home,
and after passing creditably through
a term of Cadetship, was commis-
sioned as a Lieutenant in the Telegu
Field.

On Christmas Day, 19—, there was
great excitement among the Officers
and Soldiers at N—, for a marriage
had been arranged for that day and
place, and there we see Joseph and
Gnanamani, pledging their fidelity to
each other, according to the rites of
our beloved Army.

We cannot further follow them,
but if you could visit a certain Salva-
tion Army centre near the coast of
the Bay of Bengal, you would find a
happy, successful young Captain, with
a bonnie, bright little wife, spending
and being spent for those who are in
the dense darkness of heathenism.
Methinks too, that the same words
that came to my mind would also

NUMBER 8

Through the Keyhole

FOR Tom! It seemed as
though he would never be
anything but a drunkard,
with wild eyes and a thirst
which no amount of drinking
could quench. Again and again
he had promised the magis-
trates before whom he appeared
that he would reform, but his
promises were of no avail.
The little party of Salvation
Army carollers singing of the
birth of the Saviour awoke Tom
from his drunken slumber on
his straw bed in the little hovel
he called home, and dragging
his weary form across the floor
he put his ear to the keyhole
and listened. The woman with
whom he lived, roused by his move-
ment, went over to the door and with
him also listened to the voices.

Neither had any idea of how near
Tom was to the end of his days. So
often had come these spells of ex-



"Don't you remember me?" he asked,
"I am Joseph."

come to yours—"Cast thy bread upon
the waters; for thou shalt find it
after many days."

ROISM.

dark, shadowy figure. And the unknown loomed up before her as some vague shape, speaking harshly, loneliness, discouragement. "Abandon the flesh," cried the flesh, "it's a mistake." But shouting above this voice, rang out the cry, "Forward! Remember your comrades in the shout across the dark hosts across the sea! Come! Teach us! Help us!" voices each brought their appeal, she heard?

For cup she had brought with her seemed to link her to the homeland, and she would need it again. Should she destroy the last link her to her beloved land?

There had the things she had left behind so garlanded with attractions; they with fresh enticement now that the excitement of getting away had spent itself, approaching the altar where her sacrifice was to be made, she had come to a halt, standing at it, holding her sacrifice in her arms.

Her beauty, she saw all she was sacrificing to the delightful, happy Christmas and festivities which she would not return. How would they see her other would light up when they saw her? They would greet her! Her now she would run to meet her!

It would be the tobogganing down the slopes by the light of the glorious, a borealis, and then, leaving the crowd gather round the blazing logs for their recalling the Christmases of old.

And listen to the chiming of the Christmas bells in singing the sweet carols, "Hark! for Christmas!" echoed through the air. She fancied she heard her father's voice.

And the old, bright memories of past years crowded into her mind, smiling at the other in their endeavor to be, and like old acquaintances, each to her.

go?

The bright picture would fade, like a dis- from her mind, and in its place another—a picture in more somber colors, the missionary fields, the trials, the discouragements, which lay the curtain of to-morrow. All the childhood she had read came back to her, seemed blacker than she had seen it.

And the words, with all this, the appealing of the dark heathen—children, women, her brothers and each dark face pleading with her and looking at the picture she had seen when dedicated herself to missionary work.

And she was only a girl, with a natural life painted in such somber colors, do some useful service in her own life, not, after all, made some mis-

the conflict waged.

And the voices on one side, and the other side.

the issue was decided.

Swedish girl's tender, compassionate the Christ love, could not hear in the crying of the dark heathen mul- unheeding from their bookishness, she turned her back. She

And she watched wonderingly, the girl's hand and her fur cap dropped, and the anything of the swirling waters. The her homeland was severed.

And she advanced to the altar. The sacrifice and best—non other than her own, and life—was laid upon it.

And the merry bells of the home- heard by her ears; but sweet bells, and angels sang to her sweetest she had ever heard.

LOVE AT THE GATE

BY LIEUT COLONEL WM. NICHOLSON



COME with me in fancy to a town far south-west, and let us fix our eyes and ears and heart on one thing, viz. the march of The Salvation Army through the town. Why this march? Keep your eyes open. Listen! Here they come. Now, all attention, please. A Flag will be the cue.

"There are many Flags you say."

Yes. As the brave army sweeps along under the bridge in the main street, with hundreds of banners, we see the Flags of the many Open-air Brigades carried by the Brigade Color Sergeants. But it is not the Brigade Flags we must notice, but the Corps Flag. The one right in front.

Look! It comes! It is passing the policeman on duty, and he watches with keen and appreciative eyes as the ranks pass him on file. Surely he understands the significance of The Salvation Army procession! Now, as the Flag goes by, note the man who carries it.

We must not make the mistake of supposing that the erect and soldierly Color Sergeant, to whom, with all this and who are introduced, is really representative of all and sundry in the Salvation march. True, he represents the spirit of the others, but his career is sufficiently distinctive, even amongst the many Corps trophies, to call for special remark.

Let us march abreast the Color Sergeant, and if, as he goes smilingly along, there is a suggestion of dress with either foot, or if his wrist seems to give unduly to the strain of the flag pole, as the fluttering Colors pull, keep the facts in mind; there may be a significance in this. It will be well, also to remember that the Color Sergeant speaks in the Open-air, and sometimes he cries:

My chains fell off, My soul was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

And the words have more weight than they might have if you or I uttered them.

And this brings us at last to the subject of our story in the person of our much-respected Comrade who, the march over, awaits in the Officers' room.

Mark well the answers he gives to the questions we put.

"When was I converted? Why, seven years ago, on the 17th of February."

"Where? In this very hall!"

"Why did I take that step? I was sick of the life I was living, and I could not have gone on living unless I had altered."

"I was in a bad way? Yes, that I was." Silence fell for a spell while he quelled the troubled recollections which moved within his memory.

"What brought me to a decision? I was tired of the way I had been going on and very down-hearted. One night (who can explain why I did say it?) I said to my wife, 'Look here, I'm going to The Salvation Army! I'll turn over a new leaf.'"

"Will you?" she said, eagerly. You see it was a wonderful thing for me to say. She knew I could not pass a public-house without going in, and she knew all my terrible career."

"Yes, I will!" was my answer, and off we both went to The Salvation

Army. That was on a Friday night, and on the Saturday, when we would again, something took a mighty hold of me. I didn't know what was the matter, but I was very miserable and restless. Then, all at once, almost before I realized it, I was on my feet. I stood up, scarcely knowing what I was doing or what I wanted. Though I was in drink at the time, I made my way to the prison-farm and, before I reached it, the Saviour met me.

"It is impossible for me to put into words what I felt but I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was saved when I knelt at the Mercy Seat, where I prayed to God to help me. Another thing I know is this: Though I was drunk when I went to the front, when I rose from my knees I was perfectly sober!"

Now we come to look right into those steady, grey eyes of the Color Sergeant; there is something arresting about the look. Though they light up with happiness as he talks of the way God has led him since his conversion and of the joy he feels in the knowledge that his testimony has helped to win many to God there is a suggestion of battle-purposes, hard resolutions, and long and arduous warfare.

"You are to say where you were during the few years preceding your conversion?" we ventured.

"Few years?" in strange humility. "Well, I suppose about a half years, but when they have been spent at Dartmoor the prison farm and here."

"You were serving a sentence?"

"Yes. A sentence of ten years' penal servitude."

"That was your first sentence."

"My first sentence was a night day's imprisonment."

"How did you come when you were sentenced?"

"Eight years of age."

"Where were your parents? What

about your father?"

"He was a drunkard."

"Your mother?"

"She, too, was, I am sorry to say, a drunkard."

Looking down the sheltered years through which we had come, we wondered where we should have been had we been reared in such a rude cradle as that of our comrade and if we had been "trained," as he had been, with kick and cut and curse.

"Never had a chance? Not the glint of one, and I served twenty-two years."

"Why? Well, I suppose I was up against thorns and was a rebel. As a rule I got my punishment for striking others. I was then in H.M. Army. I joined the Forces in 1883, and I was difficult to 'break in.' I suppose. You may be sure I knew a good deal about the inside of military prisons."

"Part of my military service was in the 9th 'Duty Boys,' Norfolk Regiment. But I got my discharge from that regiment through fraud, and I enlisted in the artillery. I served in India for six years. I got on pretty well out there. Drink was always a terrible thing with me. I have had £26 in my possession; not a small sum for a soldier in those days, and in less than a week every penny would be gone, then my kit would be sold and I would be in rags."

"I wish I could have had a chance like the young people of this Corps have, for instance. Then the story would have been a very different one."

"No, I was not the only little chap with such an unhappy beginning. There were others like me. Why, in the old days, when at Dartmoor, I have seen mere boys serving life sentences. I have had the tramps on in that convict settlement and it's far from pleasant I can tell you."

Though our comrade talks to us of prison experiences in Norwich, Ipswich, Colchester, and the like, it is of Dartmoor to which he returns

again and again. Evidently he has something more to tell, so we ventured another question.

"Were you married?" The grey eyes shine with happy light.

"Yes, I am married!"

"Your long absences must have been hard on your wife?"

"My wife was splendid. She stuck to me. When I came out she was always there. I tell you a good woman's love is a wonderful thing. It is like the love of God. The love that saves. She had had luck with the weather whenever she walked to Dartmoor, a journey of over thirty miles, and, as a rule, it rained horribly, but she trudged on with her worn-out boots, amid the mud and slush, all in order to get near me."

"Over thirty miles?"

"Why, that's nothing to what she did when I was due to come out. She tramped every step of the way, and so did our little girl (who, like my wife, now wears full Army uniform) right from a northern town to Dartmoor."

"What?" we exclaim in astonishment. "Surely you are mistaken! Why that's—how far is it?"

"Four hundred miles: the way she went, anyway. That's what I mean when I say that the love of a good woman is like the love of God; the love that saves. That was the sort of thing that helped to save me. Yes, thinking if you care to be sure it up, the whole of the journey my wife took, coming south through Stafford, and so on to Dartmoor, you'll find I'm pretty well within the mark."

"My wife's shoes were practically gone; her feet were blistered, cut, and bleeding; and it was the same with the little girl. But they kept on until they came to the great prison where I was. Yes, mine, too, had been a long, hard journey; but, as you say, part of the way, at any rate, I had love to lighten it. When in my lonely cell, for years and years, I never looked back to those from whom I had sprung; I looked forward to meeting my wife. I knew she was waiting, and that was my great standby and it helped me. The fact that she did not fail, that love was waiting at the gate for the time when I should come out, helped to prepare me to realize that, through all the lonely years, the Saviour who met me on the way to the Mercy Seat had been waiting for me, bless His Name!"

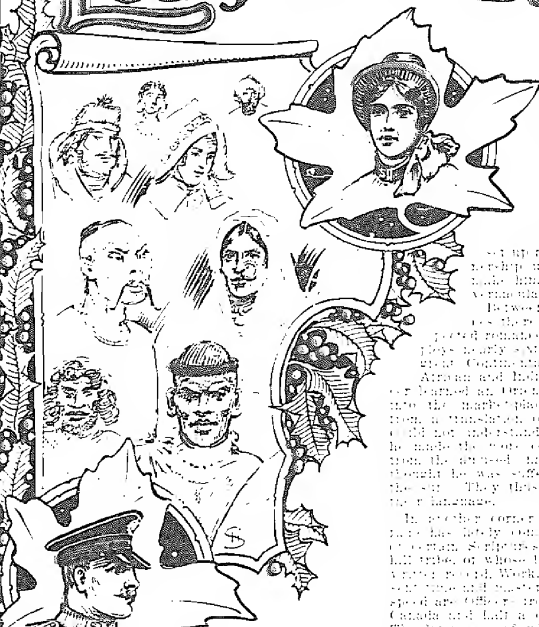
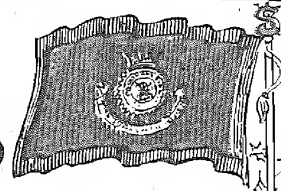
"Can you wonder—can you wonder—Can you wonder why it is I love Him so?"

When I think of what He's done for me, the guilty one.

Can you wonder why it is I love Him so?"

And we left him not comrade showed us a photograph. It showed a group of Salvationists, amongst whom was the wife who had waited. Her bright face was haled (may we not say?) by a Salvation Army banner. The little daughter was there, too, in full uniform and no longer little, and on the other side stood the Salvationist husband and in his arms a little child. His head was resting near the sleeve of the Color Sergeant, who, when he looked upon the innocent face of the little one, felt very tender and his thoughts were too deep for words. Then, as though breaking out of the depths of his nature, there came the exclamation, touched with telling emphasis, "In and through the mercy of God, I'll prove worthy!"

Salvation Army League of Nations



the native people until he discovered an interpreter. This man, though a skilled linguist, was of uncertain moral character, so the Salvationist made it his first business to get the interpreter converted. This accomplished, the two set up a most successful partnership until the officer could make himself understood in the vernacular.

Between these two is a wealth of unlearned languages from the great Continental tongues to obscure African and Indian dialects. One officer learned an Oriental language by going into the marketplace and reading aloud from a translation of the Bible, which he could not understand. The more mistakes he made the more corrections he received from the learned natives, who probably thought he was suffering from a touch of the sun. They thus helped to teach him the language.

In another corner of the world a competent speaker has lately completed the translation of certain Scriptures into the dialect of a hill tribe, of whose language there is little known. At Yokohama in China the present speaker is learning the language with speed and accuracy from a Chinese officer. The languages of which officers now speak are: English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, the Scandinavian, and the most commonly spoken languages of Europe, while scores of European officers have acquired a knowledge of English as a result of the Salvation Army of national experience.

Unifying The Army

This great interchange of tongues has had the effect of unifying The Army and of enabling its officers to reach the masses with the message of Salvation, as well as promoting an international understanding which has increased the power and scope of The Army's work. The fact, for instance, that an English officer can speak to the natives of an unknown Indian village in their own tongue, not only greatly increases the possibilities of their rapidly understanding the plan of Salvation, but adds prestige to the whole white race. General police officers, whose individual encounters the world over.

Mistakes, of course, have occurred. One officer remembers with amusement, if not with chagrin, an occasion when, attempting to teach an Army chorus, he noted an unwarranted laughter and afterwards discovered that he had been earnestly repeating, "Follow, follow, I will follow the path in haste, for 'I will follow Jesus'." Another set of members of the chorus, upon the fall in the middle of a shouting hymn to the confusion between "Up, down!" and "Go, on!" have been and still are common occurrences, but the efficiency of Salvationists as linguists is a reality.

Romance Still Greater

In the realm of the printed word the romance is still greater, for of the ninety-two publications bearing The Army's crest, the great majority are printed in foreign tongues. From Peking in Asia, Helsinki

for San Francisco and Buenos Aires. The "War Cry" can be purchased. Each has its own story. When the first South American "War Cry" was published, one of the first volunteers was the line of Buenos Aires, and all newspapers were suspended by law. The Captain who concentrated practically the whole of The Army in the city had a thousand copies of his newspaper to read and to distribute, both of the tradition. Sixty copies of the paper about newspaper sales and started out as he had done many times in the homeland.

Crying the paper in the street he was immediately surrounded by excited people thinking he had news of the war and his thousand copies were nearly all sold when a police official arrived at the spot. This issue contained an article by General von Radtke, and in this, by a curious coincidence, occurred the phrase, "From the Peace down to the hall in the street." Although controlled by some military force the eye of the police official travelled straight to this sentence. "Sonnet" was narrowly averted.

The International Bureaus which The Army affords has been strengthened by the constant interchange of officers who by reason of their position, loss, or at any rate, subordinate, many of their national tongues. At the present time a Swedish officer commands the Army in the Atlantic in a Norwegian, in Denmark, a Dane in Holland, an Englishman in China, a Swede in Germany, an Englishman in Finland, a Hindu in Belgium, a Swiss in Czechoslovakia, an Englishman in Sweden, another Englishman in Switzerland, whilst many officers can look back upon service in a dozen different countries. Territorial commanders regard countries as the majority of people look upon towns, and a chance from Finland to India, Australia to South Africa, to South America, to the Dutch Indies to New Zealand, is possible at any time. Nearly three thousand officers have gone from England to carry the news of Salvation, and the great majority to non-Christian countries. Scandinavia has sent many officers, officers from those countries are now working in the United States, Canada, India, Japan, South America, China and Korea. In North America there are officers whose nationalities include Argentine, Uruguay, Chilean, Peruvian, Brazilian, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Italian, Swiss, Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch, German, French and American. They can all agree because they all possess a common heart's experience.

No Better Way

This interchange of nationalities in the interests of the Kingdom of God has also had the effect of introducing foreigners to various countries. There is no better way of removing national suspicion, scandal, and prejudice than the visit of a Continental journal upon the visit of an English newspaper organization to the effect that the presence of the foreign Salvationists was the largest political event which had occurred in that part for some time, as the policy of Englishmen had given the people a new idea of England altogether.

In this way The Army is making a valuable contribution to the world's instruction in internationalism.

FEW ORGANIZATIONS

have done more to establish an international community of interest than The Salvation Army. The desire to possess an affection which has been so successfully betrayed, the Founder was led to extend the scope of his labors in many directions until his workers were spread across the world, and in at least two particular ways. The Army has developed a line of activity calculated to promote international understanding. The language barrier has been surmounted and the personal contact road to understanding has been traversed.

Need was Supplied

There were few linguists in The Army during its early years, but the need was supplied as it arose. Officers who were hard put to it by reason of their position, and duty demanded within themselves an agency which carried them over the initial obstacles and God invariably used them for the conversion of people who could only reach the language of the country in which the Plan was carried. The pioneer English officer who arrived in Holland with no knowledge of the language equipped him. It was the same Missionary lived to take part in a working class quarter of Amsterdam, by committing to memory a Dutch prayer of five words, "O Lord, send comfort to us." The visiting commander fell on his knees and repeated that unsentimental prayer again and again. God honored his command. Thirty people were saved that night and more, except their translators were immediately sent.

Upright Character

That was many years ago. Quite recently, however, a pioneer officer to study or hand had an excellent opportunity

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ON CHRISTMAS SAVANNAHISTS CLARK, BUT IF A LEEP THEN

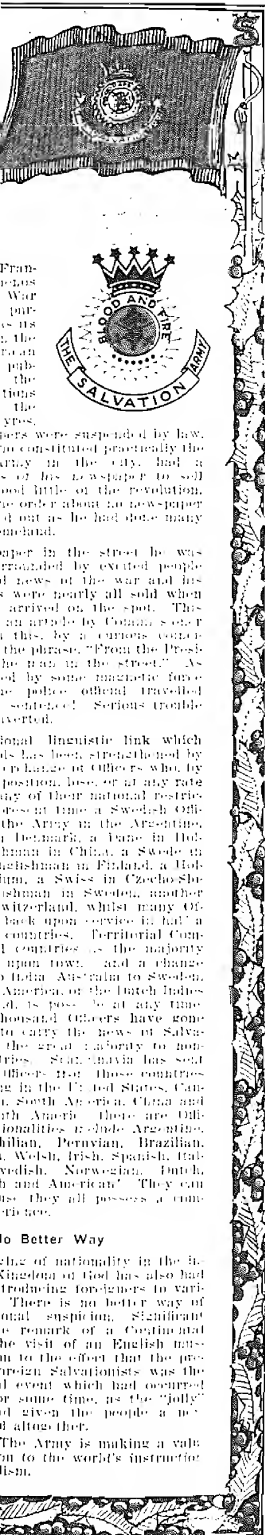
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NOTES THEM ALL THE BOY



BUT IN THEIR THE POOR C THEIR NEW



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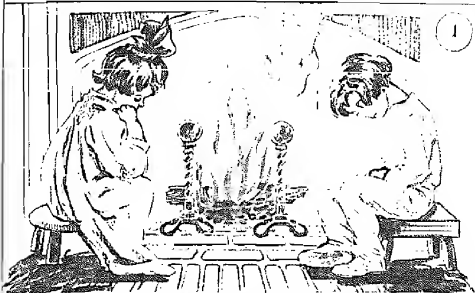
ional linguistic link which
s has been strengthened by
e language of officers who, by
position, lose or at any rate
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ions at times a Swedish Offi-
the Army in the Argentine,
Denmark, a Dane in Hol-
land in Chile, a Swede in
Finland, a Russian in Hol-
land, a Swiss in Czechoslo-
vakia, another Swede in
Switzerland, whilst many Of-
ficers back upon service in half a
dozen countries. Territorial Com-
mands in the majority
of countries, and a change
of duty from Argentina to Sweden,
America, or the Dutch Indies,
is possible at any time.
Thousands of Officers have gone
to carry the news of Salva-
tion to the great majority of non-
Christians. Scandinavia has sent
Officers to these countries
in the United States, Can-
ada, South America, China and
South America. There are Offi-
cers in Argentina, Argentina,
Chile, Peru, Brazil, Ital-
y, Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Ital-
ian, Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch,
and American. They can
use. They all possess a com-
mon language.

to Better Way

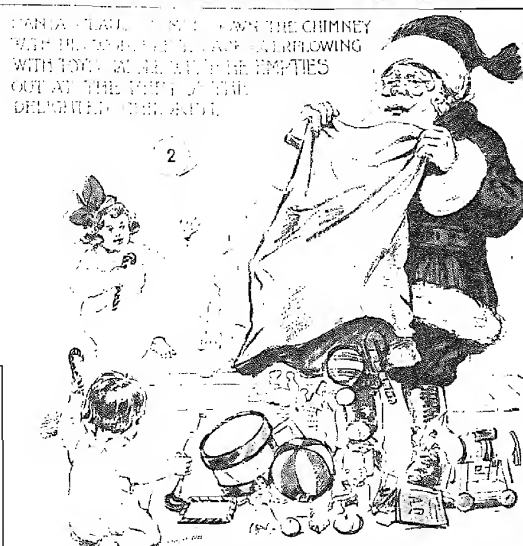
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of given the people a new
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The Army is making a con-
tribution to the world's instruction.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN.



ON CHRISTMAS EVE DAVID AND DAISY, TWO SMALL JUNIOR SALVATIONISTS, DECIDE TO AWAIT THE COMING OF SANTA CLAUS, BUT THE LANDMAN OVERTAKES THEM, WHILST ASLEEP THEY DREAM THAT —



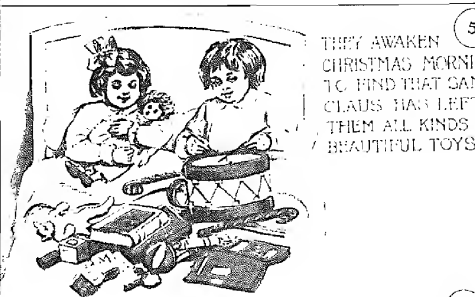
AFTER SEEING THE STOCKINGS OF ALL THEIR PLAYMATES FILLED TO OVERFLOWING, SANTA TAKES THEM TO A POORER PART OF THE TOWN TO THE HOME OF ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL AND BOY. SANTA'S SACK BEING EMPTY, THESE CHILDREN WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT TOYS.



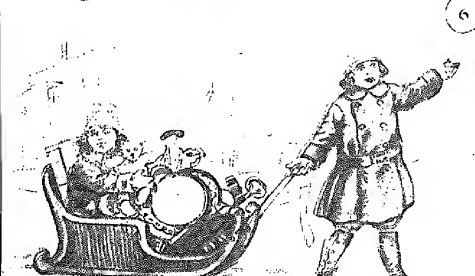
THE JOLLY OLD FELLOW INVITES THEM TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON HIS VISIT TO ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS THEY KNOW.



THEY AWAKEN CHRISTMAS MORNING TO FIND THAT SANTA CLAUS HAS LEFT THEM ALL KINDS OF BEAUTIFUL TOYS.



THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF POVERTY WERE OVERJOYED WITH THEIR GIFTS, AND THE LITTLE SALVATIONISTS FILLED WITH JOY BECAUSE THEY HAD BEEN KIND TO THE POOR. WOULDN'T YOU, TOO, REMEMBER THE POOR THIS CHRISTMASTIDE?



BUT IN THEIR JOY DAVID AND DAISY DID NOT FORGET THE POOR CHILDREN, SO TOOK THEM SOME OF THEIR NEW PLAYTHINGS.

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark, the herald angels sing
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconciled."

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail the incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Life and light to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

E. Laophlin

RE